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## A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

### THE BRILLIANT ORATOR AND BARRISTER, HON. S. A. MCELWEE.

**The Potent Influence of Education--A Legislator While Yet a Student--Nominated for Speaker--Counted out by Fraud at Last Election--His Services and Advocacies.**

Prepared for The Freeman.

The liberal political sentiment of Tennessee has been instrumental in bringing to the front several members of our race whose achievements have made their names familiar from one end of this country to the other. The most prominent of these characters is Hon. Samuel A. McElwee, until recently the representative of Haywood county in the Tennessee legislature.

Mr. McElwee is a native of the State which now calls him citizen, and was born in 1858. His boyhood was spent upon a farm, and the foundation of his education was laid by himself as best he could. Attending a rude country school, later on, he advanced himself to the limit allowed in the course, and showed commendable zeal and earnestness in the acquirements of knowledge. In those days it was the popular thing to declaim, and in this particular line the farmlad excelled. He was early noted for his eloquence, and the fluency of his language and readiness at composition was a marvel to his acquaintances, old and young.

By dint of continued application and the aid of a few kind friends, Mr. McElwee was in time enabled to enter Fisk University at Nashville, where he completed his scholastic life, and graduated well up in his class. He was exceedingly popular with his fellows and the community at large. While still in college he was chosen as a representative in the State legislature, and was twice re-elected, serving in all six years. Had justice been done he would be at this moment occupying his place in the Assembly, by a 1,200 majority vote, but the disgraceful election methods employed defeated the popular will, and he was counted out.

Through his legislative career he was a most active member, and spoke upon nearly every important measure which came before the House. His speeches in support of the bill for the erection of a Normal school for the colored people, the building of an insane asylum for the people of West Tennessee (white and black), the suppression of mob violence, and against the repudiation of the State debt, were particularly noteworthy, and were highly complimented by the daily papers and his brother representatives. At one session he was the caucus nominee of his party for speaker, and, as such, received the support of every Republican in the body.

He has been the recipient of other honors, all of which he has born with characteristic modesty and grace. In 1884, he was temporary chairman of the State convention of Tennessee, and was a delegate from the 9th district to the National convention. Last year he was a delegate from the State at large to the Chicago convention, being the first man elected despite the fact that about fifteen of the most distinguished white men in the State were his competitors in the race.

Mr. McElwee was married last June in Nashville, to Miss Georgia M. Shelton, a handsome and cultured young lady, the only daughter of the late John M. Shelton, who was at one time jailer of the city, and later held a post in the mail service.

Mr. McElwee's work in the recent campaign was most commendable, and his eloquence and logical presentation of the current issue proved a powerful auxiliary to his party. He spoke to large audiences in New York City, and from the first of October until the election averaged about three speeches a day. This yeoman-service astonished as well as gratified the members of the State Committee.

Mr. McElwee, in religion, is a Methodist, and has been a consistent member of the Church for sixteen years, acting in the capacity of steward, trustee and classleader, which positions he now hold. He is by profession a lawyer, and being favorably situated has succeeded in building up quite a lucrative practice. His honorable career throughout the years the public has known him, has won for Mr. McElwee the unlimited confiidence and respect of all who had dealings with him, irrespective of race, color or politics. He is justly regarded the leading colored man of Tennessee, and if we are not greatly mistaken, the greatest achievements and grandest portion of his life are yet before him. R. W. T.

Indianapolis, February, 1889.

*HON. S. A, M'ELWEE,*

*Of Tennessee.*

## PROF. D. B. WILLIAMS.

**A Prominent Author, Scholar and Educator---a Mathematician, Linguist and Polished Speaker---His Last Work---A Man of Executive Talent.**

Professor Daniel B. Williams was born in the city of Richmond, Virginia, Nov. 22, 1861. He graduated from the Normal School of Richmond in 1877, when he received a gold and silver medal for excellence in scholarship and conduct. He graduated from Worcester Academy in 1880, afterwards matriculating in Brown University. Being unable to attend that institution, he commenced to teach in the public schools of Richmond in 1880, continuing till 1884, during which time he completed by private study the entire course of study of Brown University. From March 9, 1885, to June 9, 1885, he conducted with marked success the Moore Street Industrial School, of Richmond. In the fall of 1885 he was elected to a chair in the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, in which he taught for two years Ancient Languages, Higher Mathematics, Science and Art of Teaching and Oratory. In June, 1887, he was elected to the professorship of Ancient Languages. He is also instructor in the Science, Art and Methods of Teaching.

Prof. Williams possesses an harmonic mind, and is a conqueror in all the fields of learning to which he has ever turned his attention. He ranks high as a mathematician, and in philosophy and science he is exceedingly well versed. He is a linguist of a high order, reading French, German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew with ease. He has taught Latin for six years and Greek for four. He ranks high among Hebrew scholars. He is particularly adapted and equipped for training teachers and has had four years of experience in this work. He is a teacher to the manor born, and occupies a first place among educators.

Prof. Williams is a brilliant conversationist and an orator of convincing logic. He has enjoyed three years of experience in teaching oratory and essay writing. As an author and writer he occupies a conspicuous place. He has for nine years been corresponding with leading papers on divers questions. In 1883 he published a work entitled "The Negro Race the Pioneer in Civilization." In 1885 he sent from the press "The Life and Times of R. A. Paul," and "Why We Are Baptists." All enjoyed a good circulation. But the crowning act of his life, and the brightest star of hope for future Negro authors, is the success of his work, "Science, Art and Methods of Teaching." This book is a valuable addition to Negro literature, and is the standard work on the subject. Its success and reputation have been wonderful. It is used as a text book in two Normal Schools, has been adopted in the course of study in the Virginia Teachers Reading Circle, and endorsed generally throughout educational circles.

Prof. Williams is a man of much executive talent. He possesses the faculty of directing and managing. He possesses a sound judgment, and his decisions can generally be relied upon. He is a close observer of men and events, an indefatigable student, a deep thinker and a broad scholar. Withal he is man of an unblemished Christian character. He is liberal in his views, true to his friends and chaste in his words and acts.

R. W. WHITING.

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A. E. Manning is an assistant doorkeeper of the Indiana Senate. He is one of the most popular colored Democrats in the State.

## WILLIAM HENRY GREY.

William Henry Grey, the Grand Master of the State of Arkansas, was born of fine parents in Washington, D. C., in 1829 and received a rudermentary education at a pay school, taught by John T. Cook, Sr., in the same city.

When he was 12 or 13 years of age, his parents moved, taking him with them to Pittsburg, Pa., and from there to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he remained until their death from cholera, in 1852, when he removed to St. Louis, Mo., and began life in the capacity of pastry cook on the steamboats of the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri rivers. While living here in 1854, he married Miss Henrietta Winslow, aged 15 years, with whom he lived happily until his death last November. He went to Arkansas in 1865, and in partnership with H. B. and Oliver Winslow opened a grocery and bakery establishment.

The storm and excitement of Reconstruction, together with the inviting aspect of the political field to a Negro of his capacity, in those palmy days of Republican control, soon lured him from mercantile pursuit and drew him into the maelstrom of state-craft. His oratorical ability soon marked him as a fit candidate for a seat in the Constitutional Convention of 1868, to which he was accordingly elected; and, afterward to the National Republican Convention at Chicago, where his memorable speech in seconding the first nomination of Gen. Grant for the Presidency of the United States, brought him into greater political prominence than even his brilliant achievements during the debates in the Constitutional Convention. In this same year he was elected to the Arkansas State Legislature and filled his seat so acceptably that he was re-elected. He was stricken with paralysis and suffered sixteen years before death came came to his relief.

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Hon. Alexander Clark, of Muscatine, Iowa, has shied his castor in the ring for the Recordership of Deeds. He has the endorsement of the Des Moines' mass meeting.

## M. A. CLARK.

M. A. Clark, fourth Grand Master, of Arkansas Masonic Grand Lodge was born near Germantown, Shelby county, Tenn., August 15, 1834, and was brought to Cotton Plant, then in St. Francis, and now in Woodruff county in the spring of 1849. Upon the death in 1856 of his father, Bro. Clark was put upon the block and sold to one S. W. Childress, who sent him to Helena to learn the trade of a barber. Subsequently Mr. Clark lived in Nashville, St. Louis and again in Helena. He was made a Mason by Rev. Moses Dickson, Grand Lecturer of Missouri. In the setting up of Jephtha Lodge, now J. M. Alexander No. 1. Mr. Clark was made Junior Deacon, and, after serving in all the stations was, in 1871, elected Master and re-elected in 1875. In the organization of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas in 1873 Mr. Clark was elected Grand Lecturer, and at Ft. Smith, in 1881, he was elected Grand Master and has been re-elected ever since, during which time he has set up seventy new lodges. Brother Clark says that he "never went to school a minute in his life, nor had a lesson from anybody," yet he has acquired sufficient education to fill creditably quite a number of important positions. He acted as Justice of the Peace nine years and Deputy United States Marshal several years, was a member of the Colored Mens' National Convention in 1882, held in Louisville, and chairman of the National Masonic Convention held in Chicago. He has also served in several State political conventions. Brother Clark has served his people in many capacities not alluded to here, and is universally recognized as one of the most enterprising, intellectual and useful men in the State of Arkansas.

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Mr. Robert C. Waring, of Chicago, has at last consented to allow his many friends to bring him out as the choice of the sucker State for a National appointment, and the appointment which he seeks is that of Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia.

## PROF. FRANK TRIGG,

**Of Lynchburg, Va., Principal of the Colored High School and Instructor in English Literature and Natural Science.**

Prof. Trigg was born a slave in Richmond, Va., in the house of Governor John B. Floyd. Prof. Trigg's mother was highly thought of by the Floyd family and her little son soon became a great favorite with them.

When Gen. Floyd entered the Confederate army and started on his first campaign, he gave Frank a fine pony, with a saddle made especially for him and took him with him to the field. He little dreamed that the war was for the freedom of his race, gladly followed the General as the page of feudal times went with his lord through dangers of flood and field. After Gen. Floyd's death young Trigg remained some years with the family, who always felt much atachment for him.

For a time he attended the school of the A. M. S., at Abington, Va., and afterwards by the advice of friends he entered the Hampton Institute, where he completed his required course of study, attracting special and favorable notice. In due time he received one of the highest graded diplomas ever issued from that institution.

After this he spent some time in a Northern college and caught a new inspiration for his life work.

He began to teach in the fall of 1874 as principal of the Graded School at Abington, the home of his childhood. In 1881 he was appointed principal of one of the colored schools in Lynchburg, a position he held for four years. At the end of that time he was made principal of the High School, he had work zealously to secure for the colored youth of the city. Prof. Trigg, for several years past has been a member of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Normal Institute at Petersburg.

In 1887-88 Prof. Trigg was appointed by the State Superintendent of Virginia, conductor of the Summer Normal Institute for colored teachers which was held in Staunton, Va., last summer and was pronounced the best in the State. He is regarded one of the finest school economist and disciplinarians in the State. He is an earnest student and shows by his faitfulness and success, that he is deeply interested in the progress of his race. Prof. Trigg has great faith in the normal idea of teaching. He is happily married and the father of several bright and promising children. MRS. ORA LANGHORNE.

## TWO COLORED JUDGES.

**Gleanings from Kansas.**

TOPEKA, KAN., Feb. 28, 1889.

I notice in last week's issue of the Freeman, that President-elect Harrison, has appointed Geo. Marshall, colored, of Cincinnati, Ohio, as his Official Stenographer, which is positive evidence of his ability to fill the position, and calls attention to the fact that we have an expert Stenographer in this city, in the person of Hon. J. H. Stewart, who is the most of the time, employed by the State. He is also an able lawyer, but his services as a Stenographer are so valuable that he finds it more remunerative to follow this profession. I hope, in the near future, to present to the many readers of The Freeman, a portrait and biography of Mr. Stewart, which will be of interest, and also an inspiration to the young men of the race to qualify themselves for other positions save that of school teaching, which appears to be the only aspirations of a great many.

We boast of having two, out of five Justices of the Peace, in this city, namely, Judges J. I. Jamison and A. W. Overton, and they receive their full share of patronage.

We also have a constable in the person of Edward Smith and a fire company entirely of colored men, who are acknowledged to be the quickest and best in the city.

The colored people, in this State, are making rapid and sure progress, morally, financially and intellectually. I say morally because they are always on the right side of every moral question; financially as shown by the tax rolls, intellectually, by their literary work and the school records.

Persons desiring The Freeman, can secure the same by calling at 421 Kansas Ave. and Judge Jamison's court. Leave orders for The Freeman. P. H. BRAY.

# THE FREEMAN.

**EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.**

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people. It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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**Indianapolis, - - Ind.**


## ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publisher of The Freeman has just made arrangement with Mr. Wm. Still, of Philadelphia, author and publisher of "The Underground Railroad," to use some of the illustrations of that valuable book in this paper from time to time. "The Underground Railroad" is really a history of Negro slavery in America, and no one can fully know the history of the race without a careful perusal of this book. It is sold for $4, and can be ordered through The Freeman. It is handsomely bound, contains a portrait of the author, and has eight hundred pages. The illustrations of this issue represent twenty-eight fugitives escaping from the eastern shore of Maryland. tf

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, discussing "Safe-guards of the suffrage," urges, among other things, that all criminals, paupers and misdemeanants should be eliminated from the list of voters. This would make certainly an enormous reduction of those open to bribery, and whose votes are sought for by dishonorable means. The best data estimates a reduction of 1,500 votes in a city of 1,000,000 inhabitants. In a city of 1,000,000, the reduction creeps up to 15,000. New York City would get rid of a larger proportion. The briber would lose his best tools, and find himself at a loss for occupation. Indeed, the corruptionist is himself generally a convict of some sort. Temporary disfranchisement might be one of the penalties for minor offenses.

CAREFUL estimates have been made of the dogs in the United States, and the number is said to be not far from 20,000,000, or one dog to every three or four persons—an average of one dog to every family in the land. The expense of feeding and caring for this canine population is estimated at $200,000,000. The average expense of a poor family is not over $400 per year, so that the cost of our dogs would support 500,000 families of the poorer sort, or 200,000 families at a cost of $1,000 each. These figures are not exaggerated, and are a fine illustration of our wastefulness. If we ate puppies it would not be so bad. We only let the puppies eat us. One dog in about thirty is of the least value whatever, and not over one in 100 pays for keeping. Besides, there is no means of spreading disagreeable diseases like dogs that run everywhere.

PROBABLY few people in this part of the world, says the New York Sun, have ever heard of Port Plair, though the fact that it has seven thousand murderers among its population gives the place an unique distinction. Port Blair is the great penal of British India, where are collected the dregs of the Indian empire. Far out in the Bay of Bengal, on the island of South Andaman, live twelve thousand deported Hindoos and Mohammedans. No walls surround their settlement. They work in the fields and forests and sleep in wooden barracks, but so well are the shores guarded that there have been no escapes by water for nine years, and if the prisoners flee into the forests they either perish of starvation or are captured and brought by the fierce natives, who are handsomely rewarded for every escaped prisoner they bring to the convict camp. It might be supposed that community which includes seven thousand murderers would be a very unhealthful place of residence. We are informed by the keepers however that these homicides are the best behaved men in the camp, and in each case there was some extenuating circumstances that saved the prisoner from the gallows tree, which bears a plentiful crop in India. Life sentences in this the largest penal settlement in the world, are not to be interpreted literally, any more than elsewhere. If the life prisoner behaves himself for twenty years, he knows he will be sent home a free man, and Port Blair never sees him again.

## ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.

### A Cordial Ovation Tendered the Departing President-Elect.

President-elect Harrison and party left Indianapolis on the 25th, at 3.15 o'clock, via the Pan Handle, and reached Washington at 2:30 p. m. on the 26th. The party consisted of Gen. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. McKee (their daughter) and their children, Russell Harrison and wife, Mrs. Lord (sister of Mrs. Harrison), Mrs. Eaton (sister of the General), Mrs. W. H. Miller, Ex-Senator and Mrs. Saunders, of Nebraska, Private Secretary Halford, Private Stenographer Frank Tibbetts and wife, Miss Sanger (stenographer), Chairman J. N. Huston, and fifteen press representatives. The car in which the party was conveyed, President Robert's private car, was refitted for the occasion, and was the perfection of elegance and "luxriance." There are four apartments: parlor, bedroom dining-room and kitchen. The floors were covered with winter, the upholstery of plush, the furnishings brass and oxidied silver, with electric bells and every possible convenience. The special train of which it was a part was scheduled at twenty miles an hour, following the regular train, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent accidents, patrols being stationed a mile apart for the entire distance.

The party left Gen. Harrison's home at 2:15 o'clock. They were met at Ohio street by Geo. H. Thomas post, G. A. R., (Gen. Harrison's Post) which acted as escort to the station. The streets were crowded with people, and though no formal attempt at a "send off" had been made, there was hearty good wishes expressive in every face, and quite frequently in cheers. An immense crowd had assembled at the station, and included nearly all the prominent people of the city, many members of the Legislature, and thousands of less known, but equally as sincere, well wishers. Gen. Harrison made a brief speech, thanking his neighbors for the hearty demonstration of good will. The departure of the train was the signal for three prolonged cheers, participated in by the vast multitude. Altogether Gen. Harrison must have appreciated deeply the generous farewell of his neighbors. At Washington their was no final reception ceremonies. The party was met at the station by the chairman of the reception committee and conducted to the General's Hotel, the Arlington.

Just before the train pulled out of the Union Station, Gen. Harrison appeared on the rear platform and said:

MY GOOD FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—I can not trust myself to put in words what I feel at this time. Every kind thought that is in your minds and every good wish that is in your hearts for me finds its responsive wish and thought in my mind and heart for each of you. I love this city. It has been my one cherished home. Twice before I have left it to discharge public duties and returned to it with gladness, as I hope to do again. It is a city on whose streets the pompous displays of wealth are not seen. It is full of pleasant homes, and in those homes there is an unusual store of contentment. The memory of your favor and kindness will abide with me, and my strong desire to hold your respect and confidence will strengthen me in the discharge of my new and responsible duties. Let me say farewell to all my Indiana friends. For the public honors that have come to me, I am their grateful debtor. They have made the debt so large that I can never discharge it. There is a great sense of loneliness in the charge of high public duties. The moment of decision is one of isolation. But there is one whose help comes even into the quiet chamber of judgment, and to His wise and unfailing guidance I will look for direction and safety. My family unite with me in grateful thanks for this cordial good-by, and with me wish that these years of separation may be full of peace and happiness for each of you.

The trip to Washington was an almost continous ovation. Crowds had gathered at every station and usually cheered. At Irvington, Cumberland, Philadelphia, Greenfield and Charlottesville, several hundred people had gathered. At Knightstown the train stopped and General Harrison said to the 500 people gathered:

My Friends—I thank you for this cordial gathering and demonstration. I can detain the train but a moment, and I only stopped at the request of the Superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, so that the children might have an opportunity to see me and that I might wish them a bright and prosperous future which the sacrifices of their fathers won for them. I bid you farwell.

At Dunreith and Cambridge City there was only time for some lusty cheers. At Richmond 5,000 people had gathered, who were very noisy. General Harrison said:

My Friends—I have so long had my home among you that I can but feel a sense of regret in leaving the soil of Indiana. I go with a deep sense of inadequacy, but I am sure you will be patient with my mistakes, and that you will all give me your help as citizens [cheers and cries of "We will,"] in my efforts to promote the best interests of our people and the honor of the Nation we love. [Cheers.] I thank you for this cordial greeting. (Cheers.]

Superintendent Miller left the train at Richmond, but General Passenger Agent Dering kept on with the company until Columbus was reached. Enroute he fitted out the entire party, from Gen. Harrison to the colored porter who accompanies him to the White House, with tickets for the trip at the regular rates of fare. The gentlemen representing the press did the same as the others, and, like the gentlemen of old, paid as they went.

A large crowd had gathered at Greenville, O., but the stop was too short for speech making. Change of engines was made at Bradford. At Piqua 5,000 people were assembled, and kept up a continual cheering. Governor Foster and wife boarded the train here. The President-elect appeared on the platform as the train pulled out, and bowed his acknowledgements. At each station large crowds had gathered but no other stops were made until Urbana was reached. At Urbana the crowd numbered 2,000, who howled like mad, when Mr. Harrison appeared. The demonstration at Columbus was an ovation by 20,000 people. General Harrison said:

My Fellow-citizens—I thank you for this wonderful demonstration; in these evidences of the good will of my friends I receive a new stimulus as I enter upon the duties of the great office to which I have been chosen. I beg to thank you again for your interest. [Great cheering.

The train reached Denison at 10:05, and 1,000 people were at the station, but the train did not stop. Every steam whistle in the city, however, was turned loose and pandemonium reigned supreme. The Presidential party retired soon after leaving Columbus. The train reached Pittsburg at 10:35 a. m., 80 minutes late, and pulled out for the east after a wait of 15 minutes. All was dark in the Presidential coach.

The train reached Altoona at 6:55 a.m. without incident. The party had been awakened at first break of dawn to view the beautiful Horse Shoe Bend and mountain scenery. Several hundred citizens greeted the train at Altoona but no stop was made. An invitation to visit the Legislature at Harrisburg had to be declined. At Bellwood, seven miles east of Altoona a company of men with a large flag stood alongside the track, and at Tyrone Junction, where a branch leads off to the coal mines, the Clearfield region, and at Tyrone forges, there were crowds of people and flags displayed. The hotel at Birmingham was decorated with bunting at all the windows, and where the lawn will be next summer, stood a gathering of the employes of the works located there. Huntington's streets were lined with men, women and children, and at smaller places and farm houses along the way the train was greeted by small knots of interested gazers. At 9 o'clock the day had fairly begun in car 120, and General Harrison and immediate family sat down to breakfast, whence they viewed the gatherings of people at Mount Union, Lewiston Junction, Mifflin, Newport, Duncanton and Mary Iville as they sped along toward Harrisburg. The train reached Harrisburg at 10:30, on time.

There was an immense crowd at the station to greet the President-elect. It was a surging mob, but good-natured withal, and the arrival of the train was greeted with a shout that fairly dislodged the glass in the big shed. A committee of the Legislature entered the car before it had come to a standstill, and the General, through the committee, thanked the Legislature for the invitation to visit it. General Harrison then stepped to the rear of the coach and said:

MY FRIENDS—I want to thank you for this friendly demonstration. The State of Pennsylvania has a special interest to me among the States. Not many miles from here, in one of your beautiful valleys, near the town of Mercersburg, was my mother's birth-place. I am glad this morning to receive at the hands of my fellow citizens of Pennsylvania this cordial greeting. It is very pleasant to know that I shall carry with me to Washington the good wishes of so many people (cheers.) Thank you again for your friendliness, and will beg you to excuse the attempt to speak further amidst so much confusion.

After the conclusion of his remarks, three hearty cheers were given for the distinguished traveler, and then the crowd pressed forward to shake his hand. At Second and Third and Front streets, great crowds greeted the President-elect. The train arrived at the Union Station, Baltimore, promptly at 1.15. A tremendous crowd was assembled at the depot, and thousands were on the bridges overlooking the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. There was a stoppage of but a few minutes for the purpose of reversing the train, and the Presidential party started on the last stage of its journey amid a storm of cheering. The train reached Washington at 2:35 p. m. The party took carriages and were driven to the Arlington Hotel.

Immediately on General Harrison's arrival at the hotel, the visitors began to appear. Secretary Halford received all callers and except in a few instances no one was permitted to see Mr. Harrison. At 4:30 Major Pruden came over from the White House with a note of courtesy from the President to the President-elect. Among the callers given audience were Senators Hoar, Cullom and Cockrell, and Mr. Blaine. After dinner the General and his son-in-law took a long walk. In the evening a large number of callers were received.

Wednesday was a busy day for the President-elect. There was a constant stream of visitors to his parlors. The list included Ingalls, Hawley, Frye, Sherman and many other Senators and Representatives, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, members of the army, and several foreign counsels. Outside the immediate circle the cabinet was the principal topic of gossip.

## THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A Washington special of Saturday, to the New York World says: Senator Chandler's right ear is much larger than the left one. The reason is that Senator Blackburn gave it a very vigorous pulling at the Capitol Saturday. Senator Chandler would not fight, or there certainly would have been more than the enlargement of the ear. In fact, if it had not been that the Senator from Kentucky was retained, and the Senator from New Hampshire was protected by Senator Faulkner, Senator Chandler might be in a much more delapidated condition than that in which he finds himself What happened was this: When the special Senate Committee on Tradership of which Mr. Chandler is chairman, was in session at the Senate end of the Capitol, all the members were present. Blackburn took occasion to resent what he termed Chandler's insolence. In his retort Chandler was imprudent enough to call Blackburn a slanderer. Blackburn replied: "You little scoundrel, if you were not such an insignificant little coward I would thrash you on this very spot. I have a mind to pull you from your chair and whip you as I would a dog." Chandler exclaimed: "You dare not hit me." Before any other Senators present could interfere Blackburn reached toward Chandler, seized him by the right ear and jerked him from his chair as easily as though he had been a ten-year-old boy. The Kentucky Senator was so angry that it is doubtful whether he knew just what he was doing. Using Chandler's right ear as a sort of a handle, he threw him toward the wall, with which the New Hampshire politician would have collided had not Senator Faulkner, who rushed up and threw his arms around Blackburn, interfered. Chandler writhed and struggled to get away, but could not, Blackburn holding him securely, notwithstanding Faulkner's efforts to release his colleague. After Chandler had been severely shaken Senator Faulkner succeeded in releasing him from Blackburn's iron grip. He was then carried from the room, looking very much the worse for wear. Every precaution was taken to keep the affair a secret but it leaked out and was fully confirmed by an eye witness.

President Cleveland celebrated Washington's birthday by signing the bill admitting Washington, Montana and North and South Dakota as States. There was great satisfaction expressed on both sides of the political fence when the fact became known.

The Director of the Mint reports the gold production of this country in 1888 valued at $33,175,000; silver, $43,000,000. He estimates the consumption of gold in the industries in the United States for 1888 at $14,600,000; silver, $5,280,000.

The President on the 26th issued a proclamation calling for an extraordinary session of the Senate on March 4th.

### The Knee Breeches Revival in Boston.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If rumor be not very much astray tailless dress coats and black silk knickerbockers are at this moment in preparation at the studios of two or three of the swellest local tailors, for wear by certain gilt-edged young persons here before the coming of lent. A concerted effort is evidently to be made very soon to make the novelty popular in Beacon street and Back Bay. Be not surprised if, in a week or so, your newspaper contains a telegraph dispatch from this quarter conveying the momentous intelligence of the endorsement of the new costume by Boston's incomparable jeunesse doree.

Let it be understood, that Boston is very proud of her gilded youth. This is an enormously rich community—the most so, for its size, in the world—and there is no lack of spending money for the boys whose papas own half the Western railways and mortgages on the farms and towns along them. In point of thoroughgoing idleness, so far as laborious occupations are concerned, the bean-fed dude is not excelled by any of his kind elsewhere. The extreme languor of his New York rival, however, he does not at all affect. On the contrary, he is apt to be athletic and much given to out-door sports. Is not the amateur tennis championship of the world even now held by R. D. Sears, a scion of Boston's wealthiest family, almost? The result of this is that the local calf is excellently developed, a fact which has an important bearing upon the question of wearing knee breeches.

A possible accompaniment to the dress reform movement which has come up for discussion is the suggested abolition of the moustache. No gentlemen in the last century would have thought of growing a moustache.

### Old-Time Gambling in Washington.

Minneapolis Tribune.

In the old, old times everybody prominent in public life was fond of cards. Washington was flooded in those days with gamblers of the professional sort. There was a dozen faro banks on the avenue within sight of Gadsby's on the corner of Sixth street. Members of Congress unhesitatingly entered these places. Sergeant Smith Prentiss was said to have lost $40,000 in his first term in Congress. It was in one of these places that Henry Clay won from Count Brodisco the corner lot up near Lafayette square, which he afterwards traded for an Andalusian jackass. Fox, the British Minister; Gen. Scott, Secretary Marcy, and a score of famous men played poker in those times.

President Tyler was fond of "loo" and often made up a game at the White House and played all day. The stakes were never large, but Mr. Tyler was just as happy as if he won his thousands. At one time Gen. Scott, Henry Clay, Mr. Fox, and Count Brodisco entered into compact to play whist once a week all winter, and the stake every night was $100. They played a matched game Scott and the old Russian against Clay and the Englishman. They were evenly matched, but Clay and Fox came out ten games ahead. Scott's loss was said to be as much as $1,200 in this little social amusement. Old Thad Stevens in later days was a famous man at cards. He didn't hesitate to go into the worst gambling resorts to get his sport. He played with frigid quiet and coolness, and in the course of his play kept up a constant fire of brilliant conversation. Probably there are not twenty-five men now in Congress who are at all given to card playing.

### No Occasion for Thanks.

Washington Critic.

On one occasion when Tom Ochiltree returned home from Congress, there was very little travel upon the railroad, and he was the only person of consequence on the train. When it stopped at his town there was an unusual crowd around the depot, and, naturally enough, he thought it had assembled to welcome him. So he stepped out on the platform and began:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for this hearty demonstration—"

"Demonstration! thunder," said one of the crowd, "John Dills has just committed suicide in the depot."

### A Slight Disappointment.

Landlord (looking out of the window)—There comes Widow Jenkin's boy, and I do believe he's coming to pay the back rent. I'll go to the door myself.

Little Boy (at the door)—Ma sent me for a receipt.

Landlord—All right, my little lad; step right in and I'll write it out.

Little Boy—We're goin' to have company to-morrer, and ma wants it for lemon jell'.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A Wisconsin young man who took a young lady sleigh riding and made her walk home from the country because she displeased him, was fined $20 and sentenced to spend twenty days in jail.

Boy: "Mrs. McGinnis, pop wants to know why Mr. McGinnis don't come around and fix the rose bushes for winter. It's a week since he promised to come." Mrs. McGinnis: "Sure, not a sthroke of work will he do for anybody, he's that interested in reading's labor pamphlets."

The novelty of a large hotel built on piles away from the shore, and with the tide waters of the Gulf of Mexico rising and falling under it, is materialising in Tampa Bay. Later on, when the hotel is opened, the guests will be able to fish for tarpon and pompano from their bedroom windows.

"I never felt so utterly wretched before in my life," said young Mynicle, who had been rejected by Miss Fellipson. "I don't believe I am of any value at all in this world." "Oh, you shouldn't talk that way," said Miss Barrabas, his hearer, "you know you have value. Only the other day I read of a thoroughbred calf which brought $2,500.—Terre Haute Express.

Young author: "Do you know that our mail service is in a most demoralized condition? It seems to take a letter an age to reach its destination." Old Friend: "Have you been troubled with it?" "I should more than say I had. I sent a poem to a New York paper more than four months ago and it hasn't been printed yet."—Time.

Society in Kansas City is all broken up because Miss Kitty Everest, daughter of a leading and wealthy lawyer, has made a runaway match with a drummer from Boston. Her father had known of the drummer's attentions, and some time ago he took his daughter on an extended European trip, and offered her one hundred thousand dollars in cash if she would give up the drummer. But the girl declared that not even one million dollars would tempt her to do so, or would prevent her from marrying the man of her choice. Then the father forbade the drummer to enter the house, but the young people contrived to see each other, and the result was the marriage.

To give some people good cigars is but casting pearls before swine. They don't know how to light them. The best "Havana" that is "impotred" from New York, will yield but a vile, unsatisfactory smoke if lighted so as to not burn in a clear ring all around and evenly. The outside or wrapper is of the best tobacco; the next, the "binder," is of a poorer grade, while the bulk of the cigar, the "filler," is the poorest. They are assorted with the intent that they be burned together. When this is done the result is a delicate and gratifying smoke. Light even a poor cigar thoroughly, keep the cinder moderately close, so it will not break off right at the fire, and, on my word as a connoisseur, you will enjoy it.

Nitro-glycerine bids fair, say the doctors, to become an important remedy for diseases of the kidneys; and experiments are now being made in cases of Bright's disease. Nitro-glycerine of a pure quality, possessing all the explosive powers of the substance, is prepared in alcohol (which removes the explosive quality) in the proportion of one part of nitro-glycerine to 99 of alcohol, and is then prepared with sugar or milk in tablets. Thus prepared it is called "Trinitrin." A patient in a Philadelphia hospital has had the dose increased until he is now taking eighty grains a day. He has Bright's disease, and the effects are said to be highly satisfactory.

A curious problem was presented to Pittsburg and Allegheny City when the use of natural gas became general in the twin cities. It had been the custom of the householders to dispose of the most of the garbage and refuse by burning it in the kitchen range. The use of fuel gas at once prohibited this. Not a wisp of, nor a single match stick can be tossed into a gas grate or range, much less even the smallest portion of vegetable matter. To meet this emergency a Garbage and Refuse Cremation Company was established, and a crematory built. The company has its carts which make rounds regularly, and householders, who pay for the privilege, have their refuse cans as regularly in waiting. Their contents are conveyed to the huge furnaces and speedily converted into another combination of particles.

Our dealers in oatmeal report an enormous increase in the consumption of that wholesome cereal within the past few years. Oatmeal porridge is used for breakfast every morning in the families of tens of thousands of wealthy people. As an article of diet, taken with good rich milk, it is savory, nourishing, healthful, and cheap. Some folks prefer the Scotch oatmeal, and others the Irish, but the American is considered by many to be the best of all. All the consumers of this grain in the United States are not aware that it may be used otherwise than in the shape of porridge. In Scotland, oatmeal cakes are greatly favored by the common people. The cakes are made thin, laid in a pan over a hot fire, and baked until they are hard or crisp, if not brown. They may be eaten hot or cold, and, when spread with fresh butter, are about as good as most other things. Those who desire to make them should take a lesson from a Scotch housewife.

## TRAVELING IN DISGUISE.

### Experience of a Christian Among the Fanatical Berbers.

N. Y. Suns.

Almost within sight of Europe are the Riff Mountains, strething along the northern coast of Morocco, and very imperfectly known, because the fanatical Berbers would kill any white man whom they caught among their wild hills. Even the watershed between the rivers flowing north and south is not indicated on the maps, and only two or three adventuresome whites, most notably Mr. De Foucauld, have been able, in disguise, to make flying trips into the country. De Foucauld has supplied the best information we possess about these mountains and their warlike inhabitants. A while ago the Sultan of Morocco sent them a Governor, whom they promptly killed, and the Sultan has let them alone ever since.

Last summer Mr. W. B. Harris ventured upon this forbidden ground, a particularly rash undertaking, as he was not well equipped to support the role of a Moor. His acquaintance with Arabic was imperfect, and, as he could not talk without exposing his real character, he played the part of a deaf mute, and relied upon a trusty Arab boy as his means of communication. In the garb of a middle-class Moor, with his bare legs and arms slightly stained, he started for Sheshouan, a town of 8,000 people, which has lately made its appearance on the maps, sixty miles south of the Mediterranean.

He and his comrade passed many natives without exciting suspicion. Those who were inquisitive were informed by the boy that his master lived in Fez and was traveling to Sheshouan. Two men of the Beni-Hassen tribe, however, accused him of being a Christian, and threatened him with death if he did not turn back. Harris pushed on in spite of them, and learned later that they let him go only that they might catch him when he had penetrated further into the country. That evening their weary mules brought the travelers to Sheshouan, a rather flourishing community which makes death the penalty to be inflicted upon any Christian who dares to visit the town.

The parents of the Arab boy live there, and they bitterly upbraided their son for asking them to risk their lives by giving shelter to a Christian. They were prevailed, however, by a large reward to entertain the stranger. Thus assured of a night's shelter, and reasonably certain to escape notice in the indistinct light of evening, Mr. Harris sallied out to see the town and mingle with the crowds. Among thousands of bitter enemies he sauntered very unobtrusively through the streets, but the novelty of his position and the unaccustomed sights made the stroll most interesting.

He was surprised to find a bridge of solid masonry spanning the river, aqueducts bringing water and distributing it to all the houses and gardens; mills grinding corn, their wheels turned by water from the aqueducts; streets paved with rough stones and bordered by gutters in which fresh water constantly flows; red tiled roofs found nowhere else, and houses much superior to those in many accessible Moorish towns. The people dress like those in other parts of Morocco. They regard themselves as direct descendents of the Prophet.

All next day Mr. Harris lay hidden in the home of his Arab boy. Toward evening, as he was preparing to start back to the coast, it was noised about that a Christian was in town. The men who threatened him on the road had arrived with the startling news that a white man in disguise had come to Sheshouan. His purpose had been to leave the town about dusk in the disguise of a woman, while his mules departed by another route. The excitement was growing, and it was decided he had no time to lose. Putting on a mountaineer's garb, he stole out of one of the five gates unnoticed, though every one in the streets was discussing the rumor about the Christian. Outside the walls he was joined by his Arab boy and a friend of the faithful servant. Through the night they toiled along the mountain path to a distant village, which they reached before daybreak, and the white fugitive, whose feet were bleeding from numerous cuts, was hidden during the day in the house of the friend in need who had accompanied him. Meanwhile his mules were brought from Sheshouan, and at midnight the fugitive was once more on the road, and in thirteen hours he had safely reached the coast.

The traveler Burton has perhaps under-estimated the peril of wandering in disguise among hostile peoples. His complete mastery of several Oriental languages, his perfect familiarily with Oriental modes of thought and expression, and his personal appearance enabled him to deceive the most suspicious. But not a few recent travelers have vividly depicted the incessant dangers and anxiety which encompass the man who, pretending to be what he is not, places himself in the power of fanatical tribes. The most dramatic chapters of recent exploration have been written by men like McNair in Kafiristan. Hurgronje at Mecca, Lenz at Timbuctoo, and Douls in the western Sahara, who faced the deadliest perils in order to give the world fresh and interesting facts.

## Prepare for Spring.

Now is the time to prepare for spring, and your own system is of first importance. If you have not felt well during the winter, if you have been overworked, or closely confined in badly ventilated rooms or shops, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take it early and you will ward off attacks of disease or escape the effects of impure blood and that tired feeling, so common in the spring. Do not delay. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

"I wish to state the benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have used it in the spring for three years for debility, and can say that I gained in flesh and strength after using one bottle. It has also cured me of sick headache." MRS. F. H. ANDREWS, South Woodstock, Conn.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

# Magee's Emulsion

No other proprietary medicine has the endorsement of Physicians to the same extent. Is used in Hospital practice with so large a percentage of satisfactory results. No other remedy has cured so many cases of

**Consumption** and other Pulmonary Diseases

**Scrofula**

Is entirely eradicated from the system by its use. It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea.

IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of

# Magee's Emulsion

Ask your Druggist for it and take only that labelled

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

# SYKE'S Sure Cure.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

# CATARRH

The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges, but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.

For sale by all Druggists.

ROSS GORDON, Lafayette, Ind, Wholesale...

**1$ ONLY** For any one of 60 CHOICE SETS OF Vegetable or Flower Seeds, Roses, Shrubs, Grape Vines, Fruit Trees, Etc.

For example, we send postpaid and guarantee safe arrival

36 Packets Choice Flower Seeds, 36 sorts, price $1.80, for.........$1.00
30 Packets Choice Vegetable Seeds 30 sorts 1.00
15 Everblooming Roses, 15 beautiful sorts 1.00
14 Geraniums, 14 splendid sorts........ 1.00
15 Carnations, 15 elegant sorts........ 1.00
12 Grape Vines, 4 sorts, our choice...... 1.00

For the other 54 sets and 1001 things besides (many New and Rare) see our GRAND SPRING CATALOGUE, 150 pages, sent free to all who wish to purchase either Seeds, Plants or Trees. All others wishing it should remit the cost 20c. Ours is one of the oldest, largest and most reliable nurseries in the U. S. 35th year, 24 greenhouses, 700 acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio.

The gentleman on the left took Mercury, Potash and Sarsaparilla Mixtures, which ruined his digestion and gave him mercurial rheumatism. The gentleman on the right took Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) which forced out the poison, and built him up from the first dose.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

# EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

ELY'S CREAM BALM. CATARRH. COLD IN HEAD. HAY-FEVER. ROSE-COLD. DEAFNESS. HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY Time, Pain, Trouble and will CURE

CATARRH

BY USING

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS. 56 Warren St. N. Y.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. M'f'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific. Relief in TEN MINUTES. WM. GLEGHORN, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the SPECIFIC may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail, postpaid. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, enclosing stamp, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.


## IN OKLAHOMA.

**Destitute Boomers Who Could Not Subsist to Prove Their Claims.**

Cor. N. Y. World.

Here are encamped about fifty "boomers," mostly men, and along the Canadian, in the vicinity of the station are more than five hundred. There are between fifty and seventy-five stations in all. The parties here consist almost entirely of poor farmers from the States of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas—the last State having, however, the smallest representation. They all appear destitute, and even if they were to get into the country for whose opening they are now so patiently waiting, it is a mystery to know how they could manage to subsist until they have proved up their claims. Many have their proposed claims all staked out and have warned every person, at the peril of his life, not to dispossess them. Some have already done ploughing upon their lands, expecting soon to plant their crops.

One of the dangers feared was to-day pointed out by Deputy United States Marshal Stillwell. It is the feeling of anarchy and desperation which seems to pervade all, and from which, he thinks, more is to be feared than from any boomer invasion that might be made. The deputy himself had just had a striking illustration of this. He had made the arrest of a "boot-legger" upon the charge of introducing liquor into the territory. Quite a crowd of men gathered around the deputy and his prisoner, and one, who appeared to be a self-appointed leader, was urging the others to assist him in rescuing the whisky seller. Stillwell, apparently paying no attention to their murmurings and threats, refused to give them any answer to their demands.

"By what right do you arrest him?" cried the leader.

"By the laws of the United States."

"Show us your authority," came from the crowd as they kept moving closer up to the two men.

Stillwell pulled out his two revolvers and exclaimed, "Here it is, then!" In this way he managed to hold back the mob until the arrival of the train, and, putting his prisoner aboard, took him to Wichita, Kan., for imprisonment in the county jail.

It would need but a short talk from any fiery, hot-headed anarchist to lead these men or the 4,000 around Purcell to do almost any act of lawlessness that they thought might carry out their ends. And it is the lack of a bold, bad leader that has thus far kept them as passive as they have been. A man who came here and openly opposed the Springer bill or any other enactment that favored the opening of Oklahoma would place his life in jeopardy.

Everybody is willing to talk and all want to know the "latest from Washington." Listening to the conversation of a boomer one would imagine him the most abused of men. Most of them tell about having a wife and family and look at you as if you were to blame for it. Those who are over thirty-five are all old soldiers of the late war, while the oldest are certain to be Mexican veterans. They look across the line to the coveted country and almost weep as they tell how they are kept out of their own "fur what we had bled fur." Even destitute as they are, there are among them vampires trying to bleed them of the few dollars they have. A slick young man was retailing a map—"the only reliable map that was published of Oklahoma"—for a dollar, that is worth about ten cents. A lean, lank Col. Sellers sort of an individual was selling certificates on town lots for $1 each. He has a town laid out and incorporated in every section of Oklahoma, and he says that he has 500,000 people ready to move with him at a minute's notice. "Biggest thing in the world," he says, and any man that takes hold of it has a fortune; yes, sir, a fortune." He evidently has not yet made his fortune, as the waiter girl at one of the boarding houses refused to trust him for the dinner he had eaten. Being unable to pay the bill, he was kicked out of the house by the landlord and his town site plats were scattered by the wind to the four corners of the earth.

## "Patsey" Gets There.

New York World.

For the thirtieth consecutive time "Patsey" Murphy has been elected Constable of Tompkinsville, S. I., by the good citizens of that suburb. "Patsey," as he is known to every child and adult of the village, is a character in the annals of Tompkinsville.

Every ticket that has been nominated during the past ten years for the suffrages of the citizens, whether Democratic, Republican, Labor or Greenback, has borne "Patsey's" name, and he points with pride to the fact that it has never been scratched.

Murphy began his career in Tompkinsville when a lad, and, although he says he is not yet sixty, the oldest villagers say that they have a dim recollection of him as a watchman when they were boys. In his early life as a politician "Patsey" did not have such luck as receiving the nomination of both parties, and then he had to hustle to be elected. It was during the early part of the war that he gained considerable notoriety and cash also by his doings as a guard at the soldiers' camp on Staten Island. Before a soldier could leave the camp to roam through the village he had to obtain the consent of "Patsey," who was then constable of the village. Numerous residents of this city, who have spent a day hunting through the Staten Island woods for small game, know "Patsey" to their sorrow. He is credited with having invented the scheme of slipping a dead song bird into a hunter's pocket and then arresting him for shooting it.

Although a Democrat of the Jefferson school, "Patsey" believes in securing the nomination of either of the parties in the field, and he usually gets there. There has not been a convention in Richmond county in twenty-five years that has not been graced by "Patsey's" presence, and politicians say that he is always the first on hand.

The salary of a Staten Island constable is naturally very small, but "Patsey," it is said, makes a very good living out of the office. Besides being constable, he is the official beach cleaner of the east shore of the island.

## The Wife One Ahead.

Circleville, (O.) dispatch, Feb 18.,

Howard Chaffin, of New Holland, whose domestic relations are not the pleasantest, attempted to frighten his wife by sending her the following note: "When you get this you will be a widow; you will find my body in the stable." Mrs. Chaffin received this startling news with considerable nonchalance, and it is alleged got out her husband's best clothes and brushed them for the funeral. She sent her daughter to the stable, who returned, saying he was not dead but looked "awful bad." Hastening to the stable Mrs. Chaffin found her husband suspended from a rafter. In her efforts to release him she discovered that he passed the cord under his arm, and that there was not the slightest prospect of death ensuing from strangulation. Securing a good, stout stick she belabored him until he cried for mercy and begged to be released from his awful position.

## How a Worthless Check Was Cashed.

New York Graphic.

A good story is told of a hotel cashier who got "stuck" with a worthless check, but succeeded in securing part of the amount. He had cashed a check for $75 for a gentleman who was not a guest of the house, but was so frequently about its corridors that he was supposed to be good for the amount of the check. The check came back with the report that there were no funds in the bank to cover it. The cashier tried every expedient to get the money out of the man who drew it, but without avail. One day he learned by accident that there were $60 to the credit of the fellow in the bank. He quietly went to the bank and made a deposit of $15 in the name of the man, presented his check and was duly paid $75. He was out only $15 instead of $75 and counted himself exceedingly lucky.


**The Population of the United States**

Is about 60,000,000, and we would say at least one-half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Trial sizes free. Large bottles 50c and $1. Sold by all druggists.


A law seldom subject to appeal—Mother-in-law.


**She Suffered for Six Years.**

Wife suffered six years from suppressed menstruation. Has been treated by the best physicians without benefit. Two bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator relieved her.

W. A. SIMMONS, McNutt's, S. C.

Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.


An electrical launch, with a swan's neck prow, is being built in England for the Sultan.


**For Rickets, Marasmus, and All Wasting Disorders of Children.**

Scott's Emulsion of pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which Children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful, "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Maramus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. Main, M. D., New York. Sold by all Druggists.


The cost of the Paris Exposition will be $10,000,000.


—MAGEE'S EMULSION is palatable and readily assimilated, and in my opinion the best combination of cod liver oil I have ever prescribed.—Louis W. Read, Surgeon General of Pennsylvania, Norristown.


Two ladies have been elected bank directors at Atlanta, Ga.


**Preparations for the Inauguration.**

Any person who will look at a map of the United States will perceive what an important part the Pennsylvania Lines will play in swelling the attendance at General Harrison's inauguration. At Chicago, St Louis and Cincinnati their trains will be boarded by residents of those cities and passengers from the west, southwest and northwest. The number will be increased by those who come from the interior cities and towns of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. In order that proper care may be taken of this host of pilgrims to the Capital the Pennsylvania Lines will place in service their entire equipment which is more extensive than that of any railway system in the United States. Cheap excursion tickets will be sold from all stations and cars run through without change from all principal points. The yards and tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Washington will be kept clear in order that trains may be moved back and forth without interference. For full information regarding rates and service apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

**ON TO WASHINGTON!**

IN PULLMAN VESTIBULE BUFFET SLEEPERS VIA "OLD RELIABLE" C. H. & D., AND "PICTURESQUE" B. & O.

People who are anticipating a trip to Washington will be pleased to learn of the following permanent arrangement which went into effect February 11th.

The C. H. & D. fast express, leaving Indianapolis daily (ex. Sunday) at 3:50 p. m., has a new Pullman Vestibule Sleeper which runs through, via Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore and Baltimore & Ohio railroads, to Washington, arriving there at 1:15 p. m. and Baltimore at 2:55 p. m., next day. Thus forming, by far, the shortest and quickest through car line between these cities.

The C. H. & D. offers special round trip rates and unequaled accommodations to those desiring to attend the inauguration of General Harrison. For further information, sleeping car space and tickets, please call on or address W. H. Fisher, Gen'l Agt., Corner Illinois-st and Kentucky Ave., Indianapolis, or D. R. Donough Agt., Union Station.


## Organize a Trust.

Chicago Herald.

"Pa, Charley Jenkins wants me to go off with him and be a pirate; may I go, pa?"

"No; there's nothing in it, my son. I am sorry to see you take such romantic views of life. Wait till you grow up, and then if you feel like becoming a pirate, organize a trust."


**"The Best Laid Plans of Mice and Men**

Gang aft aglee." Not so Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It goes right to the spot it is designed to beneficially affect, and there is no tardiness in its action. But while it relieves constipation in common with dyspepsia and liver complaint—associate evils—the griping and abdominal disturbance produced by drastic purgatives never precede its operation. Its thoroughness is unmarred by violence, the chief characteristic of most laxatives, and one that is highly prejudicial to both bowels and stomach. It is only by invigorating the intestinal canal; and thus fitting it to perform its office as a natural sluice for the effete matter of the system, that its regularity can be perpetuated. To weaken by drenching is to insure its relapse into disorder. This the Bitters never does. Chills and fever, nervousness, kidney complaints yield to the Bitters, and appetite and sleep are improved by it.


After dangerous eminence—Stanley.


**HOW'S THIS!**

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
E. H. VAN HOESEN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.


Home-spun—Family yarns.


**Coughs and Hoarseness.**—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in Boxes.


A large snowdrop—An avalanche.


**CATARRH CURED.**

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.


Subject to blues—The sky.


**A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.**

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

# Rheumatism IS CURED BY St. Jacobs Oil

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. BALTO. MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

**Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.**

A POSITIVE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND ALL Stomach Troubles Arising Therefrom.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Lafayette, Tippecanoe County, Indiana. CROUCH & TRAVIS, Prop's.

Breeders and importers of Royal Belgians, Clydesdales, Shire, Coach, General Purposes and Trotting Breeds of the Royal George and Hambletonians. We have just received a large importation of Stallions. We also have some fine Jacks and Jennets on hand. Write for catalogue. Correspondence answered promptly.

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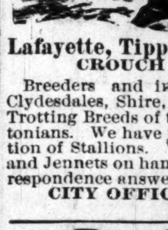

DR. W. H SARBER, Gives his special attention to all PRIVATE DISEASES of Male and Female. Regulating remedies furnished. CANCERS positively cured without the knife. RUPTURE, no cure, no pay. PILES a cure guaranteed. Fistula, Fissure, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Sterility, Gonorrhea, Syphilis and other ills successfully treated and positively cured. Call on or address, DR. SARBER, 50½ S. ILL. ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. All letters containing stamps answered, and medicines sent to order.

DON'T run your Boots and Shoes over at the Heel. Buy a pair of Morton's Counter and Heel Stiffeners from your dealer. We guarantee them to keep the Heel straight. Made of sheet steel, nicely japanned; all sizes for ladies', Children's and Men's wear. Any boy can put them on. Hides, Leather and Belting Co., Leather and Belting, Oil and Findings, 125 South Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box, $60 and JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

THE CRUSTY OLD MAN.

"I wonder Grimes has any friends,
His manner grows so surly;
No matter where we chance to meet,
Or whether late or early,
'Tis just the same: he cannot stay,
And barely answers a 'good day.'"


Now this is a sad case of misconception. It is not Grimes' disposition which is at fault, but his liver. He can't appear jolly when he feels miserable. If he would take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great liver, stomach and bowel regulator, he would soon be the same happy fellow as of old–agreeable to himself and the world generally.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing and strengthening them and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. The only medicine of its class, **guaranteed** to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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**$500 REWARD** offered by proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head. By druggists, 50 cents.

THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. PRICE 25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**A WET HEN**

The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like A WET HEN.

We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called TOWER'S FISH BRAND "SLICKER," a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."

Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

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Rare Chance for Settlers.

The Railroad System of Texas having developed so as to bring within easy access of good interior and seaboard markets the lands granted to the

HOUSTON & TEXAS CENT'L RY. CO.

It has been determined to offer to settlers the

Renowned Agricult'l Lands

Located along the line of the Fort Worth & Denver City R. R., beginning with Wilbarger County, comprising

**200,000 ACRES**

In farms of 160 acres and upward. These lands were located by the Company among the earliest, with especial care as to soil, timber and water. They are adapted to the growth of cotton, corn, oats, wheat, barley, rye, vegetables, orchards and gardens and the various domestic grasses.

Situated in the elevated and healthy region known as the Southern Panhandle of Texas, they possess a *genial climate*, favorable to man and beast, where outdoor work can be carried on the year round, and are in marked contrast with regions of early and late frosts or of destructive "blizzards."

Population is fast pouring in, and local government is already established, with schools, churches, &c.

TERMS OF SALE: One-fifth cash, balance in four equal yearly payments, with interest on deferred payments.

For further information as to these and lands in adjacent counties, apply to

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RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, together with a valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

SINGERS find Piso's Cure for Consumption THE BEST remedy for hoarseness and to clear the throat.

# 60 YEARS IN USE.

A Physician says, a sovereign remedy for worms. Having used the original "B. A. Fahnestock" Vermifuge in my practice for many years, I have no hesitancy in recommending it as a remedy which is *safe, reliable and efficient* in all cases where a Vermifuge is needed.

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Observe particularly that the initials are B. A. thus avoiding imitations.

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LADIES, LOOK!—A Novelty Rug Machine sent by mail for $1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Wholesale price reduced to Agents. New Price List of machines, yarn, patterns, etc., and a book of beautiful colored pattern designs, sent free. Agents Wanted. E. Ross & Co., Toledo, O.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Late Principal Examiner, U. S. Pension Bureau, Att'y at-Law, Washington, D. C., successfully prosecutes claims, original, increase, re-rating, widows', children's and dependent relatives'. Experience: 3 yrs. in last war, 15 yrs in Pension Bureau, and 4 yrs. practicing attorney.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 Per Day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY. Pkge Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 kinds, GUIDE, and 10c. Certificate for Seeds, your choice, all for 2 stamps (4 cents.) Every flower lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, FANNETTSBURG, PA. Send at once. This notice will not appear again.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

BEST farm lands for sale, easy terms, near Tekamah, Neb. 80 acres, 30 cultivated, $13.50, 160 all improvements, $28.00. Fine Valley Lands 160, 120, 80, $12.00. Warren, 144 Fulton St. N. Y.

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Weak Men My last lecture with hints and helps for complete home cure. Free. Dr. R. ... Box 3257, Boston.

# THE FREEMAN.

**EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.**

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

RATES OF SUBSCRPTION.

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Invariably in advance.
Cash must in all cases accompany orders for subscription.
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**EDWARD E. COOPER,**
**Indianapolis, - - Ind.**


**Hurrah for the Rebus!**

The Freman's Rebus seems to have struck a responsive chord as our readers have taken hold of it with a spontaneity that is as pleasing as it is surprising. Solutions have come in from nine different States already, and every mail brings in additional ones. Some in their eagerness to get in first, omitted to enclose the 50 cents for a two months subscription. The cash or its equivalent must always accompany the solution, or it will not be entered on our books. Everybody claims to have solved it, but up to date no correct solution has been sent in. Some are very close, however. Our artist has made an addition to it in this issue and those who have already sent in a solution may send in another without additional cost. Send them in early and don't forget the 50c.

—

No attention will be paid to solutions sent in without the 50c. We have received several of this kind already. Enclose 50 cents with your solution and The Freeman will be sent you for two months whether you solve the Rebus or not.

**Agents Wanted.**

THE FREEMAN wants an active agent in every town and city, not now represented, and we guarantee lucrative employment to those who mean business. We have boys and girls, under fifteen, who are making from $2 to $4 per week handling The Freeman, and we have young men and womon who are making double that amount. Send for terms to agents.

## RIGHT THE BEST BUSINESS POLICY.

While we would not favor a wholesale exodus from the South as the wisest course for the Negro, our people certainly have a right to leave those States if they so desire. The attempt of the North Carolina bull-dozers to prevent colored laborers from leaving the State to fill a northern contract is a brutal attack upon the private rights of citizens. The situation is worse than slavery. Then, the Negro was a bondsman, simply; now, he is, by virtue of our Constitution, a free man, entitled to Governmental protection in all his rignts, What was before only a moral wrong is now a Constitutional outrage. If Southern white men have a spoonful of brains, they ought to see that it is to their best interests to treat the colored man fairly, and induce him to stay upon their plantations, to build up their agricultural resources. As rapidly as the Negro learns what is due him as a man, he will rebel when his rights are denied him. If he decides to leave the land of his birth his place cannot be filled. No race can do the work as patiently and honestly as the colored man, and for as low wages. Adherence to the principles of justice will harm no one in the end, but will inure to the good of all. The Negro has meekly asked that his rightful privileges be respected; that he be secure from injury as to person or property in the exercise of his prerogatives; he asks that the law shall be obeyed. There will come a time when he will cease to bend the knee in supplication. He will lose faith in the effectiveness of persuasion and amicable methods. He will demand his own. If the Government is so hedged in by States rights agreements that she can not protect him, the courageous blood of L. Overture, of Attucks and of Turner, though cooled by years of oppression, will surge anew in his veins, and the Negro may take the law into his own hands. A revolution would ensue beside which the popular disturbances of history would pale into insignificance. This is an extreme picture, but unless the people of the Southern States accord justice to their black fellow citizens and respect his interests as a laborer, such a condition is an ultimate possibility. Peace cannot exist in a community of political equals, when one element ruthlessly tramples upon every natural right of the other. It is hoped that the better class of Southern white men will use their influence to put a check upon the ignorant and conscienceless mobs who are disgracing and retarding the progress of the New South. If the white people know what is good for them they will keep the colored man in those States, and treat him as a citizen and laborer should be treated. If no higher motive can be made to influence them, it is good business policy to do so.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT MAHONE.

A few Negro journals for some unexplained reason are officiating as apologists for Mahone, and censure the many race papers for their criticisms upon the sentiments said to be his. Whether his reported interview against black men holding office was true or not, has little bearing. The man's previous conduct is enough to damn him in the eyes of Negroes who are not his personal dependents and camp-followers. His opposition to Mr. Langston's congressional aspirations was actuated solely by his dislike to see a colored man hold a "white man's office." How does Mahone's apologists explain his bitter fight against a man who is his superior morally, intellectually and every other way, if not on the ground of color. The Industrial Day, a leading Mahone paper, says our strictures upon the little general, savored of ingratitude. Indeed! We suppose Mahone helped to "free us"—fighting on the Confederate side. "He sacrificed his social relations for us," says the same authority, He did nothing of the kind. He saw a chance for personal advancement in making a deal with the Republicans, and his desire for prominence and money outweighed social attractions in his mind. He did not build any college for the colored people, as is claimed, and the few colored men he placed in minor offices were only bait to catch suckers. They were caught cheap, too. Don't talk to us about gratitude to Mahone!

The Freeman is no man's enemy except when that man is an enemy to the Negro. Our enmity to Mahone has no political coloring. In battling for the upbuilding of our race, we ignore entirely party boundaries, commending good wherever we find it, and condemning evil no matter by whom committed. This is the only consistent course for a straightforward race journal to pursue.

If Mr. Blaine made the statements quoted by the Industrial Day, that "the new administration should not put as many Negroes in office as Mr. Cleveland had," he is no better than Mahone, and his name should be added to the Negro's black list. If Mr Blaine sets himself up as a foe to the progress of our race, he should receive the same censure that has been applied to other enemies. We do not believe Mr. Blaine made any such statement, however, with all due respect to Col. Wilson. He is too shrewd a politician to say such things. Mahone is a back number in the politics of the country, a "dead duck" with the Negro, and the sooner his ill-advised colored friends gently drop him into the grave he has dug for himself, the better it will be for all parties concerned.

## OUR SUCCESS.

The success which has attended the publication of The Freeman is without a parallel in the history of colored newspapers. Its circulation to-day is three times that of any colored newspaper published, and it is increasing at a surprisingly rapid gait. It was always our opinion that the race would appreciate and sustain a really first-class newspaper and the phenomenal success of The Freeman is evidence of this fact. The Freeman is full of pluck and enterprise, and will improve with each issue, We are constantly adding new features to The Freeman and in a few months it will be the peer of any pictorial newspaper published. Aside from our regular portraits and illustrations, in our next issue, will appear The Freeman's Panorama, which will be a permanent feature of the paper. It will consist, among other things, of a cartoon picture of the editor. Meantime our friends will do us a great favor by securing an agents in places not now represented.

## THE COMING FEAST.

Among the many attractions which will appear in The Freeman, will be a portrait of Rev. John C. Dancy, of the Star of Zion; W. Calvin Chase, editor of the Bee; I. Garland Penn, of Va.; Livingstone College and its faculty; Hon. T. T. Allain, the wealthy planter and contractor of Louisiana, and The Freeman Panorama, with a cartoon of its editor. Send in your subscriptions and don't miss an issue.

WHEN General Armstrong in an address before the students of Harvard College asserted that the Negro seldom lived a noble life, he simply confessed his ignorance of the colored man's moral or intellectual status. No man who knows of our heroes, whose bones now lie in unmarked graves that a grand government might live; or who is acquainted with the phalanx of Christian ministers, learned professors, and earnest sacrificing fathers and mothers, would be guilty of making so gross a mis-statement. Bro. Armstrong is young enough to learn, he will learn.

THE action of Governor Francis, of Missouri, in appointing a colored man to a responsible clerkship in his office is deserving of the highest commendation. Our people ought te appreciate the compliment. Governor Francis owed us nothing. A Democrat, he could have been elected without a single Negro vote, yet he recognized the Negro's existence, and value as a citizen by making a place for him in the service of the State. It is a happy contrast to the cavalier treatment accorded to the colored people of Indiana by the Republican Governor. He has not appointed a single Negro to any post, not even a messenger. The present Governor of Indiana could not have been elected without the vote of the colored people. He is in their debt, but he repudiates the obligation. Francis, the Democrat, has blazed a path which Hovey, Fifer, Beaver, Ames, and other Republican Governors would do well to follow.

IT is oft-repeated charge that as men—genuine men, full of fire "snap" and enterprise-school-teachers are not highly rated. Close confinement to the school-room, associating daily with inferiors, and losing the invigorating atmosphere of a wide-awake adventurous business life, unfits them for things practical. They become dreamers. The profession of teaching is a grand one, but we have too many bright minds housed up in dingy school rooms who could render themselves and their race more service in other fields of labor. In the ordinary grades, woman is the natural teacher. Our young men should bend their energies to business and industrial pursuits, and leave the school room to the young women.

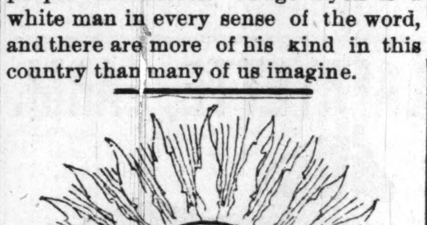
HON. GEO. F. HOAR, of Massachusetts is one of the few members of Congress who believe that right and politics have something in common. He is thoroughly conversant with the philosophy of the Negro problem, as his wise words here given amply testify: "The Negro and the whites, in my judgment, will live together in harmony, each contributing their share to the greatness and the glory of their country, if only justice and education become the standing policy of the Republic. If these shall not be the standing policy of the Republic, it will fail, whether white men or black compcse it."

WE do not take much stock in journals, societies and institutions devoted exclusively to women as women. The relations of man and woman are so closely entwined and interlaced that it is impossible to separate them by finite boundaries without interferance with the natural order of things. What is good for woman, in a general sense, is good for man, and vice versa. The two sexes are not rivals. There is no question of superiority or inferiority. They are simply different, occupy different spheres of action, and complement each other.

THE FREEMAN has secured the service of Mr. Thomas W. Stewart, of Rochester, N. Y. as its traveling representative. Mr. Stewart, though a young man, has had experience in every department of newspaper work. He represents The Freeman at the press convention, and will establish a branch office in Washington, D. C. We commend him to the public and will honor and recognize all business transacted by, or through him.

WE liked several things about the Langston delegation that visited Gen. Harrison recently. It knew what it came for; it stated its demands clearly and strongly; it made no more fuss than was necessary; it was composed of truly representative men. For these reasons they made a stronger impression upon the President-elect than all of the previous delegations put together.

JUSTICE DAVID LYON an influential Chicago gentleman most enthuiastically endorsed the proposition to put a colored man in the Cabinet. That the agitation, has failed rests with the colored people themselves. Judge Lyon is a white man in every sense of the word, and there are more of his kind in this country than many of us imagine.



## SCINTILLATIONS

Our flag is to have four new ****

—

The law must be enforced. Enforce it peaceably, if possible; but it must be enforced.

—

There will be more colored people in Washington next Tuesday than at any previous time since her foundation.

—

We are Negroes and should encourage the development of race pride; but, first of all, we need National pride Let us be American citizens.

—

The scramble for the Recordership of Deeds is the most indecent performance in the annals of modern political history. It is a disgrace, and our wise men are realizing that fact.

—

General Harrison has a body servant in the person of an Indiana barber. A hundred years from now this illustrious functionary will be so numerous that he can not be counted.

—

The dignity of the press convention, and the respectability of Negro journalism, would have been better sustained had no contributions been solicited from the public to defray expenses. The delegates to the convention do not care to pass as mendicants, but as members of an honorable profession, able to "pay their own way."

—

The Democratic party hails with delight every accession to the horde of Negro office-seekers. It means more sore-heads, lukewarm Republicans and recruits to their own ranks.

—

John M. Langston is the best advertised colored man in the country. What is particularly worthy of note in this connection—Mr. Langston merits all the praise that has been bestowed upon him.

—

Congressman Hoar says that the colored people of this country will increase from the 8,000,000 of to-day to 50,000,000 within the lifetime of men who are now born. There is much room for such a belief.

—

Prof. R. T. Greener is spoken of for assistant Attorney General. Mr. Greener is perhaps the best qualified Negro lawyer in America, and it would be a fitting recognition of his claims upon the party to appoint him to a position where he could be of genuine service to his race.

—

Among the curiosities of the day is the Damon and Pythias friendship existing between Chase, of the Washington Bee, and Cromwell, of the People's Advocate. If this means that the political factions of the District of Columbia have buried the hatchet, the millenium must be drawing nigh.

—

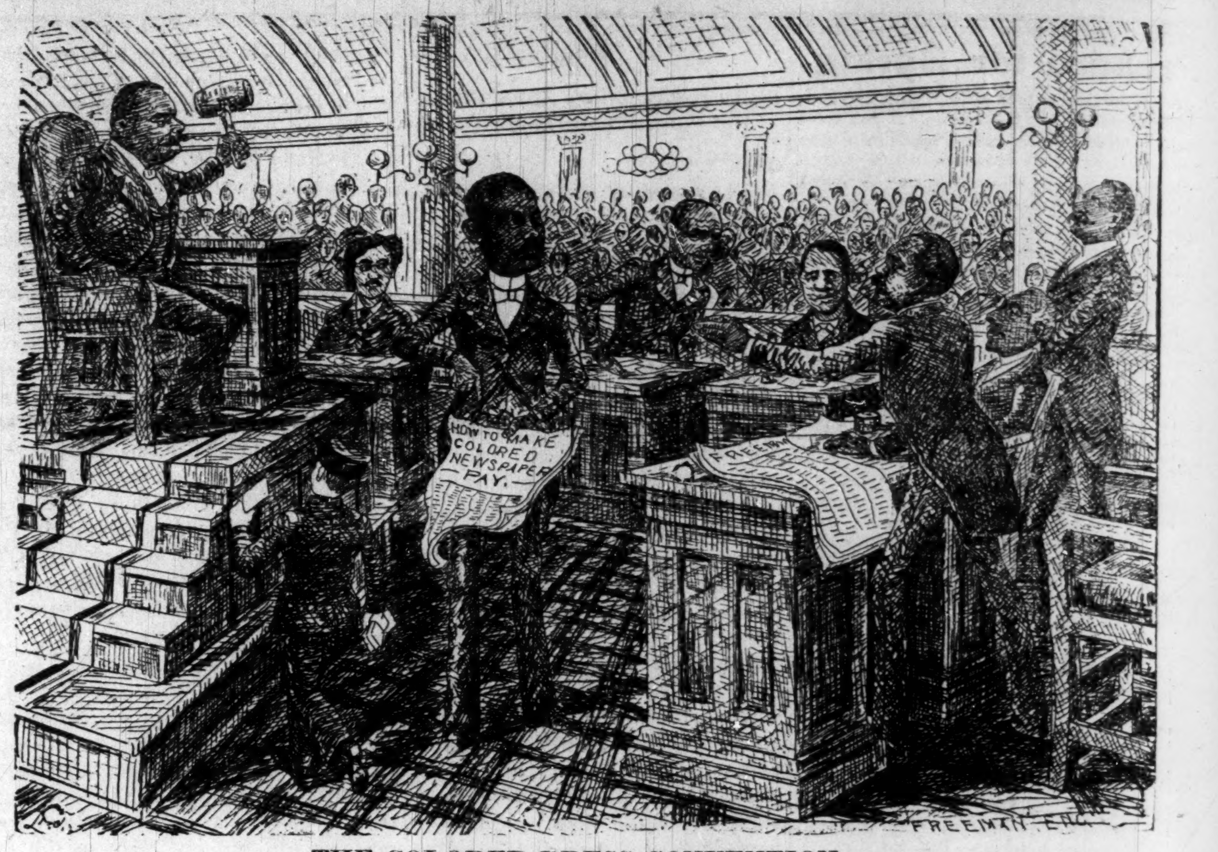
"Why is Dakota like Harrison's Cabinet?" asked Cæsar Lincolnius, the other day, as he changed his whitewash brush support from right to left.

"Give it up!" exclaimed the crowd, after a great intellectual effort.

"Because it is not yet STATED! Why don't you fellows keep up with the times?"

—

AN interesting feature of the ceremonies pertaining to the inauguration is the broad, non-partisan spirit displayed in the proceedings. General Harrison left Indianapolis escorted to the station by a party composed of prominent Democrats and Republicans, the Democrats laying aside party prejudices and paying tribute to a distinguished friend and neighbor. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are showing the President-elect every courtesy, and set a special luncheon for Mr. and Mrs. Harrison last evening. This is the correct thing to do. Cannot our colored partisans profit by the example set by the Chief Magistrate, and learn to respect men for their personal worth, and treat political differences with a tolerant spirits. All broad-minded and intelligent men are pursuing this course.



THE COLORED PRESS CONVENTION.

# RT. REV. B. W. ARNETT.

**BISHOP OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH AND RACE LEADER.**

**Has Held More Positions, Appointive and Elective Than Any Other Living Negro—Some Books He Has Written and a Few of His Many Achievements.**

Written Expressly for The Freeman.

Rt. Rev. Benjamin William Arnett, D. D., was born in Brownsville, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, March 6, 1838. He began his public labors as a school teacher in Browsville, receiving his certificate in December, 1859. He taught school until 1867—ten months of that time in Washington City. He was an active member of the Pennsylvania State Equal Rights League, which had control of the educational and political interests of the race. He was a member of the National Convention at Syracuse, New York, 1864. He was secretary of the National Convention of colored men in Washington, D. C., 1867. He was licensed to preach in Washington City, March 30, 1865, and was stationed at Walnut Hills, Ohio, 1867 to 1870. He remained there three years, and taught the common school at that place; after which he stationed at Toledo, Ohio, for three years, from 1870—73. Where he also became principal of the Colored Public Schools.

He was then returned to Cincinnati, where he remained three years; from there he went to Urbana, June 1, 1876, and remained there until September, 1878. He was appointed to the Columbus (Ohio) station. He was appointed Vice President of the State Sunday School Union in 1878, and has been connected with it for twelve years. He was the Vice President of the Republican State Convention of Ohio June 18, 1878, and delivered one of the ratification addresses at night in Music Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio. He was appointed one of the delegates to attend the Robert Raikes' Centennial in London by the State Convention of the Sunday School Union. He was appointed by the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A., to bear the friendly greeting to the Y. M. C. A., of London, England. He was appointed the Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge of Masons for the State of Ohio, 1879 He was elected Grand Orator for the Grand Lodge of Independent Order of Good Samaritans, and Daughters of Samaria, for the States of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, 1873. He was the Chaplain of the Ohio State Republican Convention, April 30, 1880. This was the first colored chaplain there. He was a member of the General Conference of A. M. E. Church in 1872; he was elected Assistant Secretary. He was elected the Secretary-in-Chief of the General Conference which met in Atlanta, Ga, 1876. The General Conference met in St. Louis, March 3, 1880, and he was elected Secretary of the General Conference for the second term May 20, 1880. He was elected Financial Secretary without solicitation. His name was only suggested about twenty minutes before the election. He was elected and qualified, by giving a bond of $10,000 for the faithful performance of his duty. He was re-elected in 1884 for four years.

He is a Trustee of Wilberforce University. He was Grand Director of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows of the United States. He was the first colored foreman of a jury, where all were white men in Toledo in 1872. He was an active member in political conventions, and has been made Chairman on several occasions of Committee on Resolutions.

In the fall of 1885 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature from Greene county by an unprecedented vote, and this is the first county on record, in which the majority of the voters were white, to send a Negro to the State Legislature as their sole representative.

While a member of the Legislature he was Chairman of the Temperance Committee, one of the most important in the Assembly. He was Chaplain of the National Convention at Louisville in 1883. He is a member of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society. He is President of the Executive Board of "Wilberforce University," and a Trustee of the "Combined Normal and Industrial Department" of the same University. He is President of the Board of Trustees of "Allen University," Columbia, S. C., and also occupies the same position in "Divinity High School" at Jacksonville, Fla.

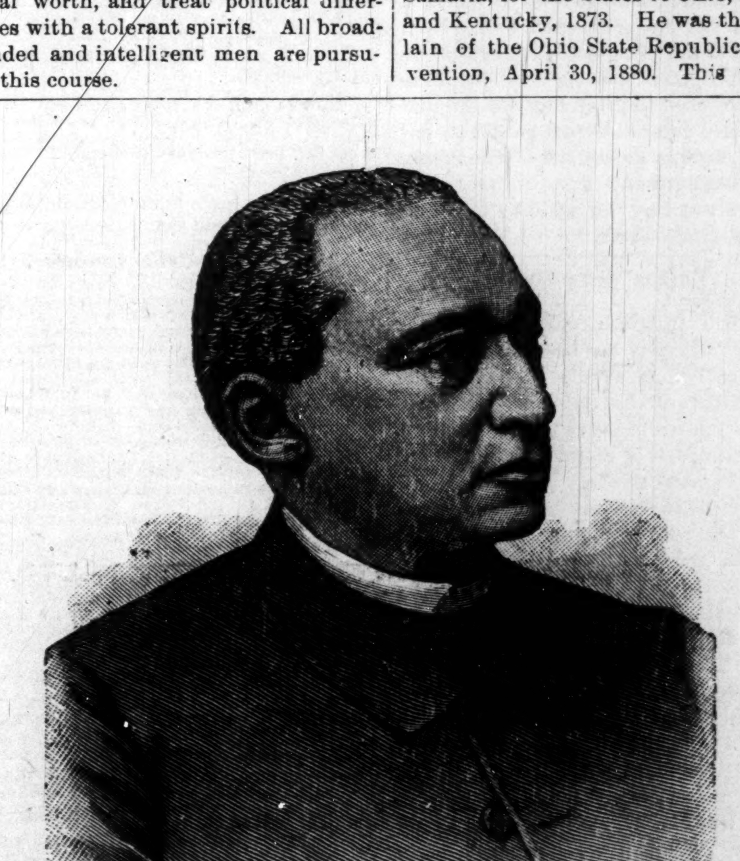
Bishop Arnett has written two or three books: "The Semi-Centenary of Methodism in Cincinnati, Ohio;" "Centennial Sermon and Statistics of Urbana, Ohio.", He has the following manuscripts ready for publication: "The Lights Along the Jordan;" "Fifty Years in the Field, or the A. M. E. Church in Ohio;" "The Life and Times of Solomon H. Thompson;" "Methodism in Columbus, Ohio."

During his term as Financial Secretary he published the "Connecticut Budget," a valuable publication containing as it does historical facts, statistics, and other data concerning the Negro, and the A. M. E. Church in particular, that are not found elsewhere.

He was elected Bishop of the A. M. E. Church at Indianapolis, Ind., May, 1888. While a member of the Ohio General Assembly two measures were passed by him which will endear him to the colored people of this Nation forever. The bill abolishing the notorious "black laws" and endowing a State industrial training school at Wilberforce. The good Bishop has entirely retired from the political arena, farther than to give advice, as any good citizen in any leading capacity should do. He has charge of the Seventh Episcopal District of the A. M. E. Church, which consists of the States of Florida and South Carolina. What a life for emulation! What a life to give inspiration to coming ambitious young men!

MASCOTTE.

Cincinnati, O.



RT. REV. BENJAMIN W ARNETT, Of Ohio.

## NEVER BEFORE!

Never before were there so many big Negroes in this country of ours; so many who have saved the party from defeat so many who by life long devotion to party principles deserve substantial recognition; so many young men who as editors first nominated General Harrison in their columns, or who, after his nomination, kept the doubtful States in line. —Gate City Press.

Miss Adah O. Brown, a rising tragedinee, of Chicago, was greeted by a fair audience at the Madison Street Theater last Monday evening, the occasion of her benefit, "A Wife's Secret" was the bill.

HON. WM. H GREY,
First Grand Master of Colored Masons.

**Crossing the River on Horseback at Night.**

HON. JOHN H. JOHNSON, G. M.

HON. JOSEPH C. CORBIN,
Third Grand Secretary of Colored Masons.

A BOLD STROKE FOR FREEDOM.

MOSES A. CLARK, Esq.,
Fourth Grand Master of Colored Masons

Of the 7,000,000 colored people in the South 17,000 are teachers.

It is said that in South Alabama more Negroes are able to read than white men.

Colored lawyers in Washington find it difficult to secure offices in the legal row near the City Hall on account of objections to color.

W. E. White and T. W. Day took the civil service examination for clerkship in the Kansas City postoffice and came out with banners flying.

The Republicans of Georgia will be a unit in asking President Harrrson to appoint Hon. Floyd Snelson of Liberty county, as minister to Liberia.

Four colored students will graduate from Oberlin College in June, Misses Viola B. Scott and Carrie Burnett, N. F. Grant and C. H. Dickerson.

The Memphis Watchman has turned its toes heavenward. Editor Turner will take service on the Tribune, the new colored daily which will appear about March 4th.

Governor Nicholls, of Louisiana, has offered a reward of $250 for the arrest and conviction of the parties who drove the colored laborers of Livingstone from their homes.

The Beaufort Sea Island News speaking of General Robert Smalls' proposition to visit Indianapolis, says that he did not vote for Harrison and Morton nor did he vote for Congressman Thomas F. Miller.

The Negroes of Petersburg Virginia, have eighteen grocery stores; one shoe dealer, one milinery store, one druggist, one jeweler, and one confectionary store with more to hear from.

Supt. White of the Cincinnati schools has recommended the abolition of Gaines High School of that city, at the end of the present scholastic year. The colored pupils will then attend the white high schools of that city.

The printing department of the Tuskegee Normal Industrial Institute (Tuskegee, Ala.) has grown to such an extent that a Campbell cylinder press has been purchased. A goodly number of students are learning printing.

Colored men were called to the front at the Philadelphia election last Tuesday. George Wilson, Councilman; John Jones, School Director; Harry Scott, Constable; all in the 7th ward, and William Warrick, School Director in the 8th ward.

The colored people of Springfield Mass., held a mass meeting last Friday evening, and protested against the outrages to which the Negroes are subjected to in the South. John J. Smallwood presided. Speeches were made by Mr. Smallwood, Col. George W. William, John M. Langston, Major Bradford and others.

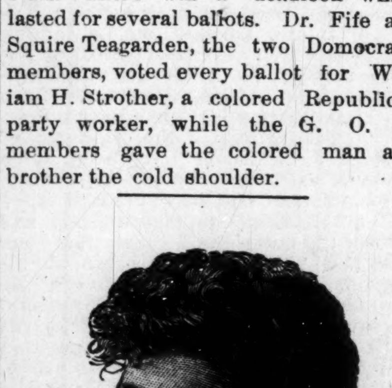
George Godfrey has given up his intention of prize fighting and says he will stick to his professional business. He says there is no fair deal given in fighting a white man in this town. George feels confident that he can defeat Lannon—Boston Advocate.

A feature of the inaugural will be the presence of colored militia companies and from more distant points than formerly, one from as far east as Boston, a company with a colored brigadier from Charlestown, S. C., and a couple of companies from New Orleans.

There is a movement in progress to institute a home for aged colored people in Camden N. J., which is being urged and assisted by such citizens as Revs. G. M. Whitten, A. J. Gaston, Daniel F. Bradley, Charles H. Green, Prof. Powell and others.

In Charlestown, S. C., there are over 900 colored tax payers on the municipal books, who pay nearly $15,000 taxes on real and personal property assessed at $790,485. This is exclusive of colored people who own real estate just outside the city boundry line, numbering at least 5,000.

At a meeting of the West Elizabeth Pa., School Board for the election of a janitor recently, party and color lines were sharply drawn. The board consists of four Republicans and two Democrats. There was a deadlock which lasted for several ballots. Dr. Fife and Squire Teagarden, the two Domocratic members, voted every ballot for William H. Strother, a colored Republican party worker, while the G. O. P. members gave the colored man and brother the cold shoulder.



MRS. S. A. McELWEE,
Of Nashville, Tenn.,

Samuel Pratt, one of Meadville Pa's., best colored citizens, was nom inated for city council (short term), in the second ward a few days ago and will surely be elected if the Republican party will stick to him, as it is a Repu blidan ward by a large majority.

Sloans Colored Juvenile Singers, ten in number, are with the Boston Ideal Uncle Tom's Cabin Company this season.

## REV. JAMES A. DAVIS, THE "BOY PREACHER."

Among the various vocations in life there is none so illustrious and worthy as the ministry.

The enterprising young men and women, after receiving sufficient mental training in our various schools and colleges, march forth into the world through the fertile fields of literature, to fill, perhaps, more successfully, the numerous vacancies in the different professions. Likewise the zealous young preachers of this country, having been trained in the word of truth and inspired with the love of righteousness, are but echoing the teachings, of the greatest of Teachers down through the present age with marked impression.

In all professions men rise to prominence by the manner in which they fill their positions, and in like manner the subject of this sketch, the Rev.

REV. J. A. DAVIS,
Of Greencastle, Ind.

James A. Davis, of Greencastle, Indiana, known as the "Boy Preacher," has won for himself great fame as an eloquent preacher and orator.

He was born in Olden county, Kentuckey, in 1862 and is but 27 years of age. In 1877 he became converted, and in 1879 was licensed to preach. At the age of 19 he performed his first duties as pastor in charge of a church in the state in which he now resides. He has also had the pastoral charge of a church in each of the following named cities: Madison, Bloomington, Washington, Portland and is now serving his second year as pastor of the A. M. E. Church at Greencastle.

In 1883 he became a member of the Masonic Order, also of the Odd Fellows at Bloomington, and for the past two years he has delivered the annual oration for the last mentioned order at their yearly assemblies.

From present developments, Mr. Davis will undoubtedly leave behind a great name and an inspiring enfluence.

## JOHN H. JOHNSON.

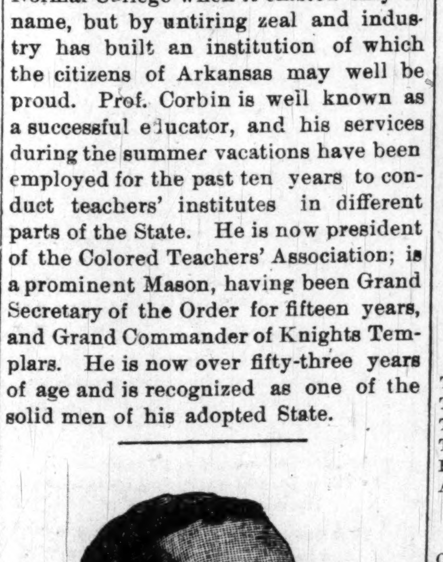
John H. Johnson was born in Columbus, Ohio, and was 45 years of age. He obtained a fair English education in the common schools of Ohio, and spent some years in teaching. He settled in Arkansas about twelve years ago, and being a man of superior intelligence and great energy soon attained considerable prominence. He was a member of the Legislature for two or three terms and a deputy revenue collector under M. Cooper for several years. He was a delegate to the first annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Colored Free Masons of the State of Arkansas, and was appointed Grand Lecturer at that term. At that second annual communication of the same body, he was elected Grand Master, holding the position three consecutive terms, and was then elected Grand Secratary and again reelected Grand Master, and served two terms. He was also a leading member of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, in which he was district master for one term and in the Knights of Tabor, an order similar to the Knights of Honor.

Mr. Johnson was well known as a politician, and filled several positions with signal ability. His death occurred July 12, 1885.

## PROF. J. C. CORBIN.

Prof. J. C. Corbin, of Arkansas, is an Ohio man and was born at Chillicothe. He graduated in 1853 from the Ohio University, after which he taught school in Louisville, Ky. During the war he published a paper called the Colored Citizen.

In 1872 he went to Arkansas, and soon took a front position among his contemporaries. He was employed successively as a reporter of the Arkansaw Republican, and chief clerk in the Little Rock postoffice; and in the ensuing election after his arrival he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Prof. Corbin afterwards went to Jeffersonville, Mo., where he taught two years in the Lincoln Institute; then returning to Arkansas he assumed the Presidency of the Branch Normal College, a State College at Pine Bluff, and has filled the position ever since. He took charge of the Branch Normal College when it existed only in name, but by untiring zeal and industry has built an institution of which the citizens of Arkansas may well be proud. Prof. Corbin is well known as a successful educator, and his services during the summer vacations have been employed for the past ten years to conduct teachers' institutes in different parts of the State. He is now president of the Colored Teachers' Association; is a prominent Mason, having been Grand Secretary of the Order for fifteen years, and Grand Commander of Knights Templars. He is now over fifty-three years of age and is recognized as one of the solid men of his adopted State.



PROF. D. B. WILLIAM,
Of Petersburg, Va.

Arthur Reed, the colored inventor who has made $50,000 out of his plow, gave the colored university three valuable lots in Birmingham. Ala., recently.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

A new Buddhist temple, to cost upward of $3,000,000, is to be erected in Kiota.

Bider Haggard has become a vegetarian upon the idea that he can work longer and better without meat.

A speech by the Athenian orator Hyperides has been discovered in Athens and given to the Louvre. He was the defender of Phryne, and in order to preserve her from the charge of impiety pulled off her garments and exhibited her to the Judges, as it has been representated by the picture of Gerome.

Lord Wolseley took this view of the future in making an address at Birmingham: "Those who study the map of Europe at the present moment and the condition of things in Europe must feel that there is hanging over us a war cloud greater than any which has hung over Europe before. It means that when it bursts—and burst it will as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow—it means not, as in former days, a contest between two highly trained armies, but a war of exterminaion, of devastation, between great armed nations whose populations are trained to fight."

PROF. FRANK TRIGG,
Of Lynchburg, Va.

### UNLOVED AND ALONE.

The sea dove some twin shadow has,
The lark has loves in seas of grass,
The wild beast trumpets back his vow,
The squirrel laughs along his bough;
But I, I am as lone, alas!
As yon white moon when white clouds pass,
As lonely and unloved, alas!
As clouds that weep and drop and pass.

O maiden, singing silver sweet,
At cabin door, in field of corn,
Where woodbines twine for thy retreat—
Sing sweet through all thy Summer morn,
For love is landing at your feet
In that fair isle in seas of corn.
But I, I am unloved and lorn
As Winter winds of Winter morn.

The ships, black-bellied, climb the sea,
The seamen seek their loves on land,
And love and lover, hand in hand,
Go singing, glad as glad can be,
But never more shall love seek me
By blowy sea or broken land,
By broken wild or willow tree—
Nay, nevermore shall love seek me.

At a prayer-meeting held recently in Boston suburb a brother arose, and, after praising God's goodness to him, concluded: "And finally I got in debt, and my debt instead of decreasing increased, and to-day I owe $200. Yet God has kept me in perfect peace of mind." How about the other fellow?

The Fleetword testimonial in Washington while an artistic trumph was not a flattering success financially.

Our amateures are very sensibly devoting there energies to the emotional and social drama instead of murdering Shakespeare at the first "jump."

C. A. Turner, a dramatic enthusiast of Indianapolis has wrtten a play entitled "Pass the Age," which is undergoing rehearsal with a view of early production.

The Fish Jubilee Singers appeared in Jacksonville, Ill., last week. There are eight vocalists in the company, four ladies and four gentlemen, and a lady accompanist.

Mrs. Lizzie Pugh-Dougan, the Hoosier "Mocking Bird," delighted her Chicago audiences. In her line of vocalization she has no superior among colored artists.

Miss Julia C. Wormley, assited by well-known musical talent will give an Elocutionary Recital at the Berean Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., on this evening, March, 2nd.

The Selika Combination composed of Madame Selika, her husband Sampson W. Williams and Miss Hallie O. Brown, have taken Savannah, Ga., by storm. They have given entertainments in the theater and been publicly entertained by the citizens.

### WE CAN'T DO IT.

We are constantly receiving news of a purely local nature from agents who beg that the same be published to gratify the whims of a few of their "kicking" customers. To all such we are compelled to say, no emphatically. The Freeman wants news which will interest all classes and will not cater to the whims of that class which would fill its columns with trash and nonsense. The one great objection to colored newspapers is that they contain no news and cater to a maudlin sentiment. The publisher of The Freeman has taken a step in advance of this and proposes to give the race a first class newspaper, clean but interesting, newsy but dignified and ennobling. People who object to The Freeman, would probably object to heaven—if they got there. tf

While the March Century was being prepared, the press was stopped in order to insert a paper by the Hon. Thomas B. Reed of Maine, one of the Republican leaders in the Lower House, on "The Rules of the House of Representatives," and it has peculiar importance from the fact that it not only calls attention to the present difficulties of the situation, but suggests changes. These changes it may be in the power of Mr. Reed and his associates in the next Congress to carry out.

# KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

THE SLAUGHTER.

Almost before the words were uttered, the horrible deed was done. One man had driven his spear into the victim's heart, and to make assurance doubly sure, the other had dashed out his brains with a great club.

"One," counted Twala the king, just like a black Madame Defarge, as Good said, and the body was dragged a few paces away and stretched out.

Hardly was this done before another poor wretch was brought up, like an ox to the slaughter. This time we could see, from the leopard skin cloak, that the man was a person of rank. Again the awful syllables were spoken, and the victim fell dead.

"Two," counted the king.

And so the deadly game went on, till some hundred bodies were stretched in rows behind us. I have heard of the gladiatorial shows of the Cæsars, and of the Spanish bull fights, but I take the liberty of doubting if they were either of them half as horrible as this Kukuana witch hunt. Gladiatorial shows and Spanish bull fights, at any rate, contributed to the public amusement, which certainly was not the case here. The most confirmed sensation monger would fight shy of sensation if he knew that it was well on the cards that he would, in his own proper person, be the subject of the next "event."

Once we rose and tried to remonstrate but we were sternly repressed by Twala. "Let the law take its course, white men. These dogs are magicians and evil-doers; it is well that they should die," was the only answer vouchsafed to us.

About midnight there was a pause. The witch-finders gathered themselves together, apparently exhausted with their bloody work, and we thought that the whole performance was done with. But it was not so, for presently, to our surprise, the old woman, Gagool, rose from her crouching position, and supporting herself with a stick, staggered off into the open space. It was an extraordinary sight to see this frightful vulture-headed old creature, bent nearly double with extreme age, gather strength by degrees till at last she rushed about almost as actively as her ill-omened pupils. To and fro she ran, chanting to herself, till suddenly she made a dash at a tall man standing in front of one of the regiments, and touched him. As she did so, a sort of groan went up from the regiment, which he evidently commanded. But all the same, two of its members seized him and brought him up for execution. We afterward learned that he was a man of great wealth and importance, being, indeed, a cousin of the king's.

He was slain, and the king counted one hundred and three. Then Gagool again sprang to and fro, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to ourselves.

"Hang me, if I don't believe she is going to try her games on us," ejaculated Good, in horror.

"Nonsense!" said Sir Henry.

As for myself, as I saw that old fiend dancing nearer and nearer, my heart positively sunk into my boots. I glanced behind us at the long rows of corpses, and shivered.

Nearer and nearer waltzed Gagool, looking for all the world like an animated crooked stick, her horrid eyes gleaming and glowing with a most unholy luster.

Nearer she came, and nearer yet, every pair of eyes in that vast assemblage watching her movements with intense anxiety. At last she stood still and pointed.

"Which is it to be?" asked Sir Henry to himself.

In a moment all doubts were set at rest, for the old woman had rushed in and touched Umbopa, alias Ignosi, on the shoulder.

"I smell him out," she shrieked. "Kill him, kill him, he is full of evil; kill him, the stranger, before blood flows for him. Slay him, Oh, king!"

There was a pause, which I instantly took advantage of.

"Oh, king!" I called out, rising from my seat, "this man is the servant of thy guests; he is their dog; whosoever sheds the blood of our dog sheds our blood. By the sacred law of hospitality I claim protection for him."

"Gagool, mother of the witch doctors, has smelled him out; he must die, white men," was the sullen answer.

"Nay, he shall not die," I replied; "he who tries to touch him shall die indeed."

"Seize him!" roared Twala to the executioners, who stood around red to the eyes with the blood of their victims.

They advanced toward us, and then hesitated. As for Ignosi, he raised his spear, and raised it as though determined to sell his life dearly.

"Stand back, ye dogs," I shouted, "if ye would see to-morrow's light. Touch one hair of his head and your king dies," and I covered Twala with my revolver. Sir Henry and Good also drew their pistols, Sir Henry pointing his at the leading executioner, who was advancing to carry out the sentence, and Good taking a deliberate aim at Gagool.

Twala winced perceptibly, as my barrel came in a line with his broad chest.

"Well, I said, "what is it to be, Twala?"

Then he spoke.

"Put up your magic tubes," he said, "ye have adjured me in the name of hospitality, and for that reason, but not from fear of what ye can do, I spare him. Go in peace."

"It is well," I answered, unconcernedly; "we are weary of slaughter and would sleep. Is the dance ended?"

"It is ended," Twala answered, sulkily. "Let these dogs," pointing to the long rows of corpses, "be flung out to the hyenas and the vultures," as he lifted his spear.

Instantly the regiments began in perfect silence to defile off through the kraal gateway, a fatigue party only remaining behind to drag away the corpses of those who had been sacrificed.

Then we, too, arose, and making our salaam to his majesty, which he hardly deigned to acknowledge, departed to our kraal.

"Well," said Sir Henry, as we sat down, having first lit a lamp of the sort used by the Kukuanas, of which the wick is made of the fiber of a species of palm leaf, and the oil of clarified hippopotamus fat, "well, I feel uncommonly inclined to be sick."

"If I had any doubts about helping Umbopa to rebel against that infernal blackguard," put in Good, "they are gone now. It was as much as I could do to sit still while that slaughter was going on. I tried to keep my eyes shut, but they would open just at the wrong time. I wonder where Infadoos is. Umbopa, my friend, you ought to be grateful to us, your skin came near to having an air-hole made in it."

"I am grateful, Bougwan," was Umbopa's answer, when I had translated, "and I shall not forget. As for Infadoos, he will be here by and by. We must wait."

So we lit our pipes and waited.

## CHAPTER XI.

WE GIVE A SIGN.

For a long while—two hours, I should think—we sat there in silence, for we were too overwhelmed by the recollection of the horrors we had seen to talk. At last, just as we were thinking of turning in—for already there were faint streaks of light in the eastern sky—we heard the sounds of steps. Then came the challenge of the sentry, who was posted at the kraal gate, which was apparently answered, though not in an audible tone, for the steps came on; and in another second Infadoos had entered the hut, followed by some half dozen stately-looking chiefs.

"My lords," he said, "I have come according to my word. My lords and Ignosi, rightful King of the Kukuanas, I have brought with me these men," pointing to the row of chiefs, "who are great men among us, having each one of them the command of three thousand soldiers, who live but to do their bidding, under the king's. I have told them of what I have seen, and what my ears have heard. Now, let them also see the sacred snake around thee, and hear thy story, Ignosi, that they may say whether or no they will make cause with thee against Twala the king."

For answer Ignosi again stripped off his girdle and exhibited the snake tatooed around him. Each chief in turn drew near and examined it by the dim light of the lamp, and without saying a word passed on to the other side.

Then Ignosi resumed his moocha, and addressing them, repeated the history he had detailed in the morning.

"Now ye have heard, chiefs," said Infadoos, when he had done, "what say ye; will ye stand by this man and help him to his father's thone, or will ye not? The land cries out against Twala, and the blood of the people flows like the waters in spring. Ye have seen to-night. Two other chiefs there were with whom I had it in my mind to speak, and where are they now? The hyenas howl over their corpses. Soon will ye be as they are if ye strike not. Choose then my brothers."

The eldest of the six men, a short, thick-set warrior with white hair, stepped forward and answered—

"Thy words are true, Infadoos, the land cries out. My own brother is among those who died to-night; but this is a great matter and the thing is hard to believe. How know we that if we lift our spears it may not be for an impostor? It is a great matter, I say, and none may see the end of it. For of this be sure, blood will flow in rivers before the deed is done; many will still cleave to the king, for men worship the sun that still shines bright in the heavens, and not that which has not yet risen. These white men from the stars, their magic is great, and Ignosi is under the cover of their wing. If he be indeed the rightful king let them give us a sign, and let the people have a sign, that all may see. So shall men cleave to us, knowing that the white man's magic is with them."

"Ye have the sign of the snake," I answered.

"My lord, it is not enough. The snake may have been placed there since the man's birth. Show us a sign." We will not move without a sign."

The others gave a decided assent, and I turned in perplexity to Sir Henry and Good, and explained the situation.

"I think I have it," said Good, exultingly; "ask them to give us a moment to think."

I did so, and the chiefs withdrew. As soon as they were gone Good went to the little box in which his medicines were, unlocked it, and took out a note-book, in the front of which was an almanac. "Now, look here, you fellows, isn't to-morrow the fourth of June?"

We had kept a careful note of the days, so we were able to answer that it was.

"Very good; then here we have it—'4 June, total eclipse of the sun commences at 11.15 Greenwich time, visible in these islands—Africa etc.' There's a sign for you. Tell them that you will darken the sun to-morrow."

The idea was a splendid one; indeed, the only fear about it was a fear left Good's almanac might be incorrect. Is we made a false prophecy on such a subject our prestige would be gone forever, and so would Ignosi's chance of the throne of the Kukuanas.

"Suppose the almanac is wrong" suggested Sir Henry to Good, who was busily engaged in working out something on the fly leaf of the book.

I don't see any reason to suppose anything of the sort," was his answer. Eclipses always come up to time; at least, that is my experience with them, and it especially states that it will be visible in Africa. I have worked on the reckonings as well as I can, without knowing our exact position; and I make out that the eclipse should begin here about one o'clock to-morrow, and last till half past two. For half an hour or more there should be total darkness,"

"Well," said Sir Henry, "I suppose we had better risk it."

I acquized, though doubtfully, for eclipses are queer cattle to deal with, and sent Umbopa to summon the chiefs back. Presently they came, and I addressed them thus.

"Great men of the Kukuanas, and thou, Infadoos, listen. We are not fond of showing our powers, since to do so is to interfere with the course of nature, and plunge the world into fear and confusion; but as this matter is a great one and as we are angered against the king because of the slaughter we have seen, and because of the act of the Isanusi Gagool, who would have put our friend Ignosi to death, we have determined to do so, and to give such a sign as all men can see. Come hither," and I led them to door the of the hut and pointed to the fiery ball of the rising sun; 'what see ye there?"

"We see the rising sun," answered the spokesman of the party.

"It is so. Now tell me, can any mortal man put out that sun, so that night comes down on the land at midday?"

The chief laughed a little. "No, my lord, that no man can do. The sun is stronger than man who looks on him."

"Ye say so. Yet I tell you that this day, one hour after midday, will we put out that sun for the space of an hour, and darkness shall cover the earth, and it shall be for a sign that we are indeed men of honor, and that Ignosi is indeed king of the Kukuanas. If we do this thing will it satisfy ye?"

"Yea, my lords," answered the old chief with a smile, which was reflected on the faces of his companions; "if ye do this thing we will be satisfied indeed."

"It shall be done; we three, Incubu the Elephant, Bougwan the clear-eye, and Macumazahn, who watches in the night, have said it and it shall be done. Dost thou hear, Infadoos."

"I hear, my lord, but it is a wonderful thing that ye promise, to put out the sun, the father of all things, who shines forever."

"Yet shall we do it."

"It is well, my lords. To-day, a little after midday, will Twala send for my lords to witness the girls dance, and one hour after the dance begins shall the girl whom Twala thinks the fairest be killed by Scragga, the king's son, as a sacrafice to the silent stone ones, who sit and keep watch by the mountains yonder," and he pointed to the three strange-looking peaks where Solomon's Road was supposed to end. Then let my lords darken the sun, and save the maiden's life, and the people will indeed believe."

"Ay," said the old chief, still smiling a little, "the people will indeed believe."

"Two miles from Loo," went on Infadoos, "there is a hill curved like the new moon, a stronghold, where my regiment and three other regiments which these men command, are stationed. This morning we will make a plan whereby other regiments, two or three may be moved there also. Then if my lords can indeed darken the sun in the darknesss I will take my lords by the hand and lead them out of Loo to this place, where they shall be safe, and thence can we make war upon Twala the king."

"It is good," said I. "Now leave us to sleep awhile and make ready our magic."

Infadoos rose, and, having saluted us, departed with the chiefs.

"My friends," said Ignosi, as soon as they were gone, "can ye indeed do this wonderful thing, or were ye speaking empty words to the men?"

"We believe that we can do it, Umbopa—Ignosi, I mean."

"It is strange," he answered, "and had ye not been Englishmen I would not have believed it; but English 'gentlemen' tell no lies. If we live through the matter, be sure I will repay ye!"

"Ignosi," said Sir Henry, "promise me one thing."

"I will promise, Incubu, my friend, even before I hear it," answered the big man, with a smile. "What is it?"

"This; that if you ever come to be king of this people you will do away with the smelling out of witches such as we have seen last night; and that the killing of men without trial shall not take place in the land.'

Ignosi thought for a moment, after I had translated this, and then answered—

"The ways of black people are not as the ways of white men, Incubu, nor do we hold life so dear as ye. Yet will I promise it. If it be in my power to hold them back, the witch-finders shall hunt no more, nor shall any man pay the death without judgment."

"That's a bargain, then," said Sir Henry; "and now let us get a little rest."

Thoroughly wearied out, we were soon sound asleep, and slept till Ignosi woke us about eleven o'clock. Then we got up, washed, and eat a hearty breakfast, not knowing when we should get any more food. After that we went outside the hut and stared at the sun, which we were distressed to observe presented a remarkably healthy appearance, without a sign of an eclipse anywhere about it.

"I hope it will come off," said Sir Henry, doubtfully. "False prophets often find themselves in painful positions."

"If he does not it will soon be up with us," I answered, mournfully; "for so sure as we are living men some of those chiefs will tell the whole story to the king, and then there will be another sort of an eclipse, and one that we shall not like."

Returning to the hut we dressed ourselves, putting on the mail shirts which the king had sent us as before. Scarcely had we done so when a messenger came from Twala to bid us to the great annual "dance of girls," which was about to be celebrated.

[Continued next week

## A Bad Name.

A lawyer of Temple Court was looking over some papers his German client had brought and every signature had a menace in it, as it stood:

"A. Schwindler."

"Mr. Schwindler, why don't you write your name some other way; write out your first name, or something? I don't want people to think you are a swindler."

"Vell, my Got, sir, how much better you dink that looks?" and he wrote:

"Adam Schwindler."

## CRUSHED.

It was the gay "snap" manager,
With wealth of talk and cheek,
Who signed with actors (?) of great fame
At "five and board" per week.
They started out with joyful mein,
The rustics to beguile,
And on each hungry actor's face
There beamed a winning smile—
The smile: ⌣

They tackled first dear "Uncle Tom,"
And followed with "Camille,"
And thought by these their priceless worth
To make the public feel.
Alas! the rustics hissed the "star"
And guyed the villain's legs,
And when the leading man reproved
They pelted him with eggs—
The eggs: O O O

The hall man held their "grips" for rent,
The bill-poster he swore
He'd have his price for posting paid,
Or else somebody's gore.
The manager skipped out at once,
Each actor, filled with tears,
When creditors called out for cash,
Responded with their tears—
The tears: O O o o o

At last they slowly started out
Upon their homeward way,
But sad was every actor's heart;
And fled his smile so gay.
We will not jest about his grief,
Nor of his feet so sore,
'Twas sixty miles to Union Square—
Aye, sixty miles or more!
Slow towards the city's towers they come,
Sad-hearted, but more wise;
With tragic stride they glide along
Upon the railroad ties—
The ties: = = = =

# THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

## THE WORLD IS FULL OF THE MYSTERIOUS

**Which Cannot Be Solved this Side the Grave---The Reckoning of the Last Days Will Be Just to the Wicked and Good.**

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. Subject: "Dark Sayings on a Harp." Text: Psalm xlix., 4. He said:

The world is full of the inexplicable, the impassable, the unfathomable, the insurmountable. We cannot go three steps in any direction without coming up against a hard wall of mystery, riddles, paradoxes, profundities, labyrinths, problems that we cannot solve, hieroglyphics that we cannot decipher, anagrams we cannot spell out, sphinxes that will not speak. For that reason, David in my text proposed to take up some of these somber and dark things and try to set them to sweet music: "I will open my dark sayings on a harp."

So I look off upon society and find people in unhappy conjunction of circumstances, and they do not know what it means, and they have a right to ask, why is this? and why is that? and I think I will be doing a good work by trying to explain some of these strange things and make you more content with your lot, and I shall only be answering questions that have often been asked me, of that we have all asked ourselves, while I try to set these mysteries to music and open my dark sayings on a harp.

Interrogation the first: Why does God take out of this world those who are useful and whom we cannot spare and leave alive and in good health so many who are only a nuisance or a positive injury to the world? I thought I would begin with the very toughest of all the seeming inscrutables. Many of the most useful men and women die at thirty or forty years of age, while you often find useless people alive at sixty and seventy and eighty. Similar questions are often asked. Here are two men. The one is a noble character and a Christian man; he chooses for lifetime companion one who has been tenderly reared, and she is worthy of him and he is worthy of her; as merchant, or farmer, or professional man, or mechanic, or artist, he toils to educate and rear his children; he is succeeding, but he has not yet established for his family a full competency, he seems absolutely indispensable to that household; but one day before he has paid off the mortgage on his house, he is coming home through a strong northeast wind and a chill strikes through him, and four days of pneumonia end his earthly career, and the wife and children go into a struggle for shelter and food. His next door neighbor is a man who, though strong and well, lets his wife support him; he is round at the grocery store or some other general loafing place in the evenings while his wife sews; his boys are imitating his example and lounge and swagger and swear; all the use that man is in that house is to rave because the coffee is cold when he comes to a late breakfast, or to say cutting things about his wife's looks when he furnishes nothing for her wardrobe. The best thing that could happen to that family would be that man's funeral; but he declines to die; he lives on and on and on. So we have all noticed that many of the useful are early cut off, while the parasites of society have great vital tenacity.

I take up this dark saying on my harp and give three or four thrums on the string in the way of surmising and hopeful guess. Perhaps the useful man was taken out of the world because he and his family were so constructed that they could not have endured some great prosperity that might have been just ahead, and they altogether might have gone down in the vortex of worldliness which every year swallows up ten thousand households. And so he went while he was humble and consecrated, and they were by the severities of life kept close to Christ and fitted for usefulness here and high seats in heaven, and when they meet at last before the Throne they will acknowledge that, though the furnace was hot, it purified them and prepared them for an eternal career of glory and reward for which no other kind of life could have fitted them. On the other hand, the useless man lived on to fifty or sixty; or seventy years, because all the ease he ever can have he must have in this world, and you ought not, therefore, begrudge him of his earthly longevity. In all the ages there has not a single loafer ever entered heaven. There is no place there for him to hang around. Not in the temples, for they are full of the most vigorous, alert and rapturous worship. Not on the river bank, for that is the place where the conquerors recline. Not in the gates, because there are multitudes entering, and we are told that at each of the twelve gates there is an angel, and that celestial guard would not allow the place to be blocked up with idlers. If the good and useful go early, rejoice for them that they have so soon got through with human life, which at best is a struggle. And if the useless and bad stay, rejoice that they may be out in the world's fresh air a good many years before their final incarceration.

Interrogation the second: Why do so many good people have so much trouble—sickness, bankruptcy, persecution, the three black vultures sometimes putting their fierce beaks into one set of jangled nerves? I think now of a good friend I once had. He was a consecrated Christian man, an elder in the church and as polished a Christian gentleman as ever walked Broadway. First his general health gave out and he hobbled around on a cane, an old man at forty. After a while paralysis struck him. Having by poor health been compelled suddenly to quit business, he lost what property he had. Then his beautiful daughter died. Then a son became hopelessly demented. Another son, splendid of mind and commanding of presence, resolved that he would take care of his father's household, but under the swoop of yellow fever at Fernandina, Fla., he suddenly expired. So you know good men and women who have had enough troubles, you think, to crush fifty people. No worldly philosophy could take such a trouble and set it to music, or play it on a violin or flute or dulcimer or sackbut, but I dare to open that dark saying on a gospel harp.

You wonder that very consecrated people have trouble? Did you ever know any very consecrated man or woman who had not had great trouble? Never It was through their troubles sanctified that they were made very good. If you find any where in this city a man who has now and always has had perfect health, and never lost a child, and has always been popular, and never had business struggle or misfortune, who is distinguished for goodness—pull your wire for a telegraph messenger boy and send me word, and I will drop everything and go right away to look at him. There never has been a man like that, and never will be. Who are those arrogant, self conceited creatures who move about without sympathy for others, and who think more of a St. Bernard dog, or an Alderney cow, or a Southdown sheep, or a Berkshire pig than of a man? They never had any trouble, or the trouble was never sanctified. Who are those men who listen with moist eye as you tell them of suffering and who have pathos in their voice and a kindness in their voice and an excuse or an alleviation for those gone astray? They are the men who have graduated at the Royal Academy of Trouble and they have the diploma written in wrinkles on their own countenances. My! my! What heartaches they had! What tears they have wept! What injustice they have suffered! The mightiest influence for purification is trouble. No diamond is fit for a crown until it is cut. No wheat fit for bread till it is ground. There are only three things that can break off a chain—a hammer, a file or a fire, and trouble is all three of them. The greatest writers, orators and reformers get much of their force from trouble.

When in olden time a man was to be honored with knighthood, he was struck with the flat of the sword. But those who have come to the honor of knighthood in the kingdom of God were first struck, not with the flat of the sword, but with the keen edge of the cimeter. To build his magnificence of character, Paul could not have spared one lash, one prison, one stoning, one anathema, one poisonous viper from the hand, one shipwreck. What is true o individuals is true of nations. The horrors of the American Revolution gave this country this side of the Mississippi River to independence, and the conflict between England and France gave the most of this country west of the Mississippi to the United States. France owned it, but Napoleon, fearing that England would take it, practically made a present to the United States—for he received only $15,000,000—of Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and the Indian Territory. Out of the fire of the American Revolution came this country east of the Mississippi; out of the European war came that west of the Mississippi River. The British Empire rose to its present overtowering grandeur through gunpowder plot, and Guy Fawkes conspiracy and Northampton insurrection, and Walter Raleigh's beheading, and Bacon's bribery, and Cromwell's dissolution of Parliament, and the battle of Edge Hill.

Trouble a good thing for the rocks, a good thing for nations, as well as a good thing for individuals. So when you push against me with a sharp interrogation point, Why do the good suffer? I open the dark saying of a harp, and, though I can neither play an organ, nor cornet, nor hautboy, nor bugle, nor clarionet, I have taken some lessons on the gospel harp, and if you would like to hear me I will play you these: "All things work together for good to those who love God. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth all possible fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." "Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." What a sweet thing is a harp; and I wonder not that in Wales, the country of my ancestors, the harp has become the national instrument.

Interrogation third: Why did a good God let sin and trouble come into the world when He might have kept them out? My reply is, He had a good reason. He had reasons that He has never given us. He had reasons which He could no more make us understand in our finite state than the father starting out on some great and elaborate enterprise could make the two-year-old child in its armed chair comprehend it. One was to demonstrate what grandeur of character may be achieved on earth by conquering evil. Had there been no evil to conquer and no trouble to console, then this universe would never have known an Abraham or a Moses or a Joshua or an Ezekiel or a Paul or a Christ or a Washington or a John Milton or a John Howard, and a million victories which have been gained by the consecrated spirits of all ages would never have been gained. Had there been no battle there would have been no victory. Nine-tenths of the anthems of heaven would never have been sung. Heaven could never have been a thousandth part of the heaven that it is. I will not say that I am glad that sin and sorrow did enter, but I do say that I am glad that after God has given all his reasons to an assembled universe he will be more honored than if sin and sorrow had never entered, and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone and will put down their trumpets to listen, and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter.

It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things that He could attend the cradle of a babe and at the same time the burning of a world.

And God will make it all right with you, and there is one song that you will sing every hour your first ten years in heaven, and the refrain of the song will be: "I am so glad God did not let me have it my own way." Your case will be all fixed up in heaven, and there will be such a reversal of conditions that we can hardly find each other for some time. Some of us who have lived in first-rate houses here and in first-rate neighborhoods will be found because of our lukewarmness of our earthly service, living on one of the back streets of the celestial city, and clear down at the end of it, at No. 808, or 609, or 1505, while some one who had unattractive earthly abodes, and cramped one at that, will, in the heavenly city, be in a house fronting the Royal Plaza, right by the Imperial fountain, or on the heights overlooking the River of Life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door, while those visit you who are more than conquerors and those who are kings and Queens unto God forever. You, my brother, and you my sister, who have it so hard here, will have it so fine and grand there that you will hardly know yourself and will feel disposed to dispute your own identity.

Amid the tussle and romp of reunion I tell you whose hand of welcome you had better clasp and whose cheek is entitled to the first kiss. It is the hand and cheek of Him without whom you would never have got there at all, the Lord Jesus, the darling of the skies, as He cries out, I have loved thee with an everlasting love and the fires could not burn it and the floods could not drown it." Then, you, my dear people, having no more use for my poor harp on which I used to open your dark sayings, and whose chords sometime snapped, dispoiling the symphony, you will take down your own harps from the willows that grow by the eternal water-courses and play together those celestial airs, some of the names of which are entitled, "The King in His Beauty," "The Land That Was Far Off," 'Jerusalem, the Golden," "Home Again." And as the last dark curtain of the mystery is forever lifted it will be as though all the oratorios that were ever heard had been rolled into one, and "Israel in Egypt" and "Jeptha's Daughter" and Beethoven's "Overture in C" and Ritter's first sonata in D minor and the "Creation" and the "Messiah" had been blown from the lips of one trumpet or been envoked by the sweep of one bow or had dropped from the vibrating chords of one harp.

But here I must slow up, lest in trying to solve mysteries I add to the mystery that we have already wondered at—namely, why preachers should keep on after all the hearers are tired? So I gather up into one great armful all the whys and hows and wherefores of your life and mine, which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the words "adjourned to eternity." I rejoice that we do not understand all things now for if we did, what would we learn in heaven? If we knew it all down here in the freshman and sophmore class, what would be the use of our going up to stand among the juniors and seniors?

## SOME ODD THINGS.

At Hong Kong thieves steal the telegraph wire.

One acre of land in Wall street, New York, is worth $14,300,000.

The London Telegraph got 2,200 letters on "Is Marriage a Success?"

Fifteen thousand students engaged in the late annual competitive examinations in China. The excitement was so great that a number of contestants went crazy.

The largest continuous sleeping-car service in the world is that on the Santa Fee system, which runs through sleepers from San Diego, Cal., to Chicago, a distance of 2,311 miles.

Unmatched gloves are creeping into wider fashion in Paris. For example, for second mourning a black and a slate-colored glove are worn. At the opera the same situation is indicated by a cross match of black and white.

The French mint will soon replace the copper sous with nickels. Singularly enough the 5 and 10 centime pieces will be perforated in the center after the manner of Chinese coin. This enables them to be strung and counted or handled with great ease.

Maggie Wilson, of Cincinnati, who died there a short time since, left a clause in her will which read as follows: "It is my will that the two china dogs now in my room be separately put in a box with glass fronts, both alike, and one placed on my dear husband's grave at Spring Grove and the other on my grave, and all to be paid for out of the money I leave."

It is reported from France that the Huguenots are very actively engaged in evangelical work there, having established 600 stations or headquarters. In the American chapel in Paris one of their leaders recently said in the course of an address that the Huguenots could not be crushed out, but would live and work, until France was spiritually free if it required another St. Bartholmew.

Librarian Spofford is competent to testify that of the making of many books there is no end. The accessions to the congressional library for 1887 from copyright sources were: Of books, 13,085; periodicals, 6,708; dramatic compositions, 536; musical compositions, 8,744; photographs, 1,850; engravings and chromo, 1,848; maps and charts, 1,322; miscellaneous, including prints, designs and models, paintings and drawings, 1,390. No wonder a new congressional library building of immense proportions is required.

A traveler in South America tells of a singular combat that he witnessed. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling on the ground at a rapid pace, followed by hundreds of small ants. Being quicker in their movement, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite the ant and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up, tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few moments the talk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced on the caterpillar. He was killed at once.

## "IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT."

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had made it almost fair,
And lying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind with loving
thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word those frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words should all be set aside
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night!

If I should die to-night
E'en hearts entranged would turn once more to
me,
Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eye that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb unconscious
clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

So friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,
Think gently of me; I am travel worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn,
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night!

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

I was sitting at my table waiting for the down express that was due at 2:40 a. m. I was startled at hearing the sound of tramping feet some little distance away. That would not startle a night operator in the State of Illinois, but, situated as I was, in one of those offices commonly seen at intervals of from eight to fourteen miles apart, generally called "shacks" by railroad men, on the border of Texas, where operators are scarce and have to board themselves, eating and sleeping in the office and seeing only those who passed on the train, it was no wonder that I was interested at once.

The tramping came nearer, and knowing that the express would be along in about forty minutes, I became somewhat alarmed, for, with an express robbery of recent date still fresh in my mind, I concluded that that must be their errand at that place, as our train always carried a large amount of gold and silver from the mining regions of Arizona. My worst fears were realized when six swarthy ruffians stepped into my "shack." The leader of the party—a tall, dark complexioned fellow, with high cheek bones and small eyes set close together, that looked like beads, and with an ugly leer about his mouth that reminded me of a hungry wolf or a laughing hyena—raised a revolver to my head and blurted out:

"Say, boy, how soon'll the next train be 'long?"

I was so frightened that I could scarcely command my voice, so I said nothing. He did not wait long till he broke the silence with: "D'ye hear?"

By summoning all the courage I had to its highest tension, I managed to say in a weak and broken way: "I don't know."

"No foolin'," he said, sternly.

In a calmer tone than I thought I could command, I said:

"I will see," and placing my hand on the key, was going to open it, but he caught me roughly by the shoulder and said:

"See hyer, boy, none of that. If you go to tinkerin' with that thing I——" And to finish the sentence he leveled his revolver at my head. I thought my time had come.

I thought in the few seconds that followed of all the misdeeds of my life, and a perfect torrent of thoughts chased one another through my mind. I lived my life over again from infancy, when I rambled through the forests of Indiana and gathered wild flowers for my baby sister. Yes, I thought of my school days, and even to that very moment, and that recalled the present situation to mind. How much would I have given then to have been back at home; doing anything; anywhere but where I was.

But in less time than it takes to tell this all this happened, when one of the other villains spoke up and said:

"Don't kill him Jack; he may be of some use to us yet."

"Well, I 'low he mou't," said Jack. the leader, for that is what his comrades called him, and he lowered his revolver.

With this action what a sense of relief passed over me!

At that moment one of the operators of the line reported the express past his station. That was sixteen miles from where I was, with only one telegraph office between us. What could I do? Nothing, only wait. If the express should pass the other station before I could get a chance to warn them I would be powerless to interfere. It would be only ten minutes more until the chance of stopping them at the station above me would be gone, If it got past there what could be the result?

I was cut short in this line of thought by Jack inquiring:

"Boy, what was the thing a-sayin'?"

I was by this time desperate. and would have resorted to almost anything to have saved that train from the fate that was surely awaiting it.

In answer to this query I told him that the dispatcher was calling me, and probably he wanted to give me a train order for the express.

"Then will she stop?" he asked.

"She will have to," said I, my courage rising at the faint hopes of stopping the crime that would inevitably be committed in my own sight, and if I could only telegraph to headquarters the state of affairs there! I looked up and asked him if he would allow me to answer.

"Well, yes," he said, after a moment's nesitation, "if you will let up when I say so."

I promised. I would have promised anything then. I opened the key and said:

"Help! Robbers at R-n!" which was my call, and, closing the key, waited.

It seemed to be an age before there came any response. Had any one heard me? At last it came, "I I 4." I wrote out an order while listening to the instrument.

I handed the order I had written to him to read. It was something like this: "No. 22 will run to siding No. 54 and meet No. 15."

I suppose it looked all right, as he seemed to be well pleased with the turn things had taken. No such an order, however, had passed over the line. I now listened attentively to the instrument. After giving orders to hold the express at the station above mine, the operator there was instructed to secure some thirty or forty ranchmen known to be there. He was to have these men arm themselves and go into the express car. All this required time and the train was necessarily delayed half an hour. In the meantime I sat listening to their schemes and plans. With what caution and discipline they planned for the dastardly deed! Two of the roughs were to take charge of the engine, while Jack and two of the other men were to enter the express car and take the money and valuables, and the remaining one was to look after me and any others who might want to interfere. Little did they dream of the trap that was set and would be sprung on them in so short a time. The very thought made me almost smile, little dreaming what was in store for me, and that I would be the one to suffer, and that so soon. At the same time, however, if there had been any avenue of escape I would have taken it, for the courage of a boy of 17 is not so stable as that of an older person.

About this time Jack tapped me on the shoulder with the muzzle of his revolver and said:

"D'ye have to flag it?"

I replied that I would, for the muzzle of a revolver in so close proximity to one's head, would make the bravest prompt, especially if held by one who cares so little whether he discharged it or not.

"Better be at it then," he growled. "I 'low she mou't be here 'most any time now."

I put my signal out—the danger signal, they knowing no difference—hoping all the time that I might get a chance to escape in the dark. That thought, however, quickly vanished, when on looking around, I saw I was covered by two of their pistols. Whether they suspected it, or caution had become part of their nature, I could not tell. I walked back and sit down in my place, intending to meet my fate as reserved as any one could who was so utterly helpless.

The delay of the train in the town above had a tendency to make them nervous and irritable. The train was now overdue and they knew it. They were evidently growing suspicious of me, for, as they whispered among themselves, they occasionally pointed their revolvers toward me in a way that made me feel as though they were going to make a target of me, and amuse themselves till the train came and they should have better game.

At last Jack said:

"Boys, it is a trick of the boy, and if we are not careful we will get the worst of it yet."

At this juncture they all seemed to wish they were not there. One who had been quiet during all the proceedings said he was not ready to die yet, and he was going to give up the chase, and another said he would go with him.

"Well," said Jack, "if you will not stick to me I can't do any thing alone." Then turning to me he said: "Boy, pray!"

There was no help for me now. Oh, if the train would only come. I looked up the track and could see no sign of the headlight. I knew it was out of the station above. What could I do? If I had only run when I was out. If I attempted to run now it would be certain death. If I could only get to the door and out in the darkness there would be some chance. I could hear my heart beat. Everything whirled around the room. Things looked dark and misty.

Something outside and just at the back of the house made a noise which sounded like a smothered cough. What consternation seized those men! Almost a panic ensued. In the confusion that followed I remember faintly of hearing one of them say, "Kill the boy," of seeing a flash, hearing a report, feeling a keen, stinging sensation in my left leg, and hearing the yelp of a wolf at the back of the house, which was what had made the noise that had given those men such a scare.

When I regained consciousness I found a group of men standing around talking, and as I opened my eyes one of them said: "He is not dead; just fainted from excitement and loss of blood." I undertook to raise myself up before I had fully realized the situation, but with an awful pain in my leg I fell back in a faint on the floor. I knew I was in the hands of friends, and after some time revived enough to be placed on board the train and taken to where surgical aid could be procured. Luckily no bones were broken, and I soon was out again.

How I escaped instant death I can not tell. How long I lay unconscious I do not know. When the train and its guards arrived here the birds had flown and left me lying in a pool of blood with a severe flesh wound in my thigh.

I am a grown man now, and carry that scar around the streets of Bloomington, and the memory of that night will stay with me as long as I live.

## ALL HE HAD LEFT.

### Senator Blackburn Tells a Good Story on Himself.

Washington Critic.

Not long ago Senator Blackburn went out to Western Texas on a pleasure excursion. and enroute took in the Indian Territory. He was so pleased with its green, blue-grassy appearance that he concluded to make a horseback journey through part of it. One day, when he was riding along, taking in all the glories of the great pasture land, he was overtaken by a well mounted, well-armed, and well-dressed redskin, who spoke a little English.

"Cowman, eh?" was his first inquiry.

"Oh, no; I am just looking at this fine country. I don't live here; I live in Kentucky."

"Kentucky! Ugh! You got whisky?"

The senator had a small flask of "Old Crow" in his side pocket and immediately produced it. In a little time the aboriginal wanted a second drink and finally the whole flask; but after giving him two small "jiggers" the civilities were brought to an end.

That evening, when the senator was in the public room of the hotel at the little Texas town he told the circumstances of having met the Indian, and said:

"In all my life I have never seen any human being on God Almighty's green earth that ever had a tithe of the appreciation for a bottle of whisky that this redskin manifested. Gentlemen, I am telling you not a whit more than the absolute truth when I say that Indian began by offering me his repeating Colt's rifle, and ended by dismounting from his horse and offering me his Arapahoe blanket, his Mexican silver-mounted saddle, his gun, pistols and the horse itself for what remained in my flask. I really believe he would have given me his leggings, moccasins, gee string and all, and gone back naked for just that little modicum of whisky."

"Well, Senator," said one of his auditors, "why didn't you trade with him?"

"Trade with him?" exclaimed the Kentuckian, in utter astonishment at such a suggestion. "My Sakes, man! it was the last half pint I had."

### How He Broke the News.

Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

You say that I am pale and flustered, and shivering in my shoes; I'll be hanged if you wouldn't shiver if you had to "break the news." I suppose you have heard how Quimby is stretched on a bunk down there, with a pint or more of his own blood mixed up with his auburn hair? Well, they made me a Joint Committee to go to his house and tell his wife all about the scrimmage, and what ot her man befell. I went to the house up yonder, not mashed on the job, you bet, and my classic and blue-veined forehead was bathed in a quart of sweat. The woman was in the kitchen, a singing a plaintive song, but she dried up when she saw me, for she knew there was something wrong. When I coughed and I hemmed and stammered, and "madam," said I, "be brave! your husband is now a-lying—" Oh, Lord! what a shriek she gave! And she walked up and down a-moaning and wringing her furrowed hands, and her hair fell down like sea weed adrift by the ocean sands. "Oh, heaven," she cried, "my husband! They've taken my love from me," and the way that she reeled and staggered was a sight for a man to see; "so brave, so kind and so noble! So loving, so grand and strong, and now must I wait his coming in vain all the dark day long! and his children will wail in sorrow and never again in glee troop down in the misty twilight and cluster about his knee." And so she went on a-raving, her screams for a block were heard, and I like a graven image stood there without saying a word. It seemed like my tongue was frozen or glued to my pearly teeth, and hardly a breath came upward from the paralyzed lungs beneath. But I braced up all of a sudden, and "Mad am," said I again, "I'm sorry—I'm deuced sorry—to have caused you this needless pain; let up on your frenzied screaming; you don't need to weep and wail, your old man ain't dead by a long shot; he's only locked up in jail." She glared at me for a minute or two, then she said: "So the darned old loafer is down there in jail again?" Then she picked up a tub and smashed it over my princely head, and I saw she was getting ready to paint the landscape red. So I skipped through the gate and moseyed so fast that I tore my shoes; and they don't make me a committee in the future to "break thenews."

The French engineers are busy repairing the forts on the Italian frontier. Italy has ordered 100 heavy guns from Krupp and a large number of field guns, and has bought 4,000 horses in Hungary.

## CHINESE LIQUOR.

### Simple Ways of Making Distilled and Fermented Wines.

N. Y. World.

With but a single exception all Chinese liquors are made by fermentation. The exception in question is called "show due," or "burning liquors," so named because of its fiery nature. It is a regular brandy, and the pure show due will burn when ignited until every particle of it is gone. It is the same color as our regular Caucasian brandy and is usually distilled from a species of glutenous rice called "noi mai." The noi mai due commonly used by the Chinese in this country is not the real article except in name. I have seen very good show due made from sweet potatoes. The only first class show due is made in the provinces of Shantung, Chili and Honan. Immense quantities of it are manufactured and sent all over the empire and into the southern provinces of Kwong Tung and Fooken, and from there occasionally sent into America.

The fermentation or manufacture of other Chinese liquors are so primitive in their methods that as a rule every farmer makes his own supplies when occasion demands, such as New Year's, betrothals, weddings or other occasions of extreme happiness. Sweet potato, broom corn, millet or wheat are generally employed to make these temporary drinks, although fruit (especially pears) are sometimes used.

The materials are soaked with common yeast and boiled and subsequently sealed up in air tight tanks for about twenty days. The liquors are then withdrawn and are ready for use, but no good orthodox Chinamen would ever think of taking a drink unless at his meals. He sips the liquid between the mouthfuls of meats and never drinks it cold, for invariably the wines are heated to a boiling point and kept on the fire drinking. In this way the Chinaman as a rule never gets as "tight" as the Christians, as their "domentaries" are chucked full with other goods besides the exhilarating show due, and the use of the latter must cease at least five minutes before the conclusion of the meal.

Wines and liquors are so cheap and so easily made in China that it does not pay as a rule to run factories nor even keep saloons, except in eating shops. When a man "treats" in China it is always a dinner, and therefore he seldom "treats."

WONG CHIN FOO.

### That Witness.

N. Y. Tribune

In a West Chester, Penn., Court—"What is Samuel Finleys reputation for truth telling?" asked the lawyer.

"'Bout half folks says hits good and t'other half say hits bad," was the reply, and the prosecuter from West Cain smiled audibly.

"Did you ever have any dealings with Mr. Finley?" asked Mr. F.'s lawyer.

"Yes."

"How did you make out?"

"Well, er—eh—I tried to stick him and he stuck me; that's how I came out," came the reply with a little hesitation.

### A Question Unsettled.

Farmer's Wife—"What does the weather indications in the paper say?"

Daughter—"Clear and warm."

"What does the Almanac say?"

"Wind and storm."

"Well, it do beat all how these scientists disagree."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### An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history o the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

### A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

### An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

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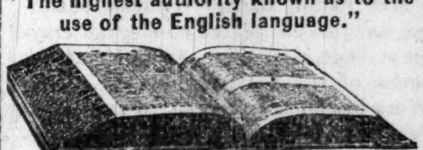

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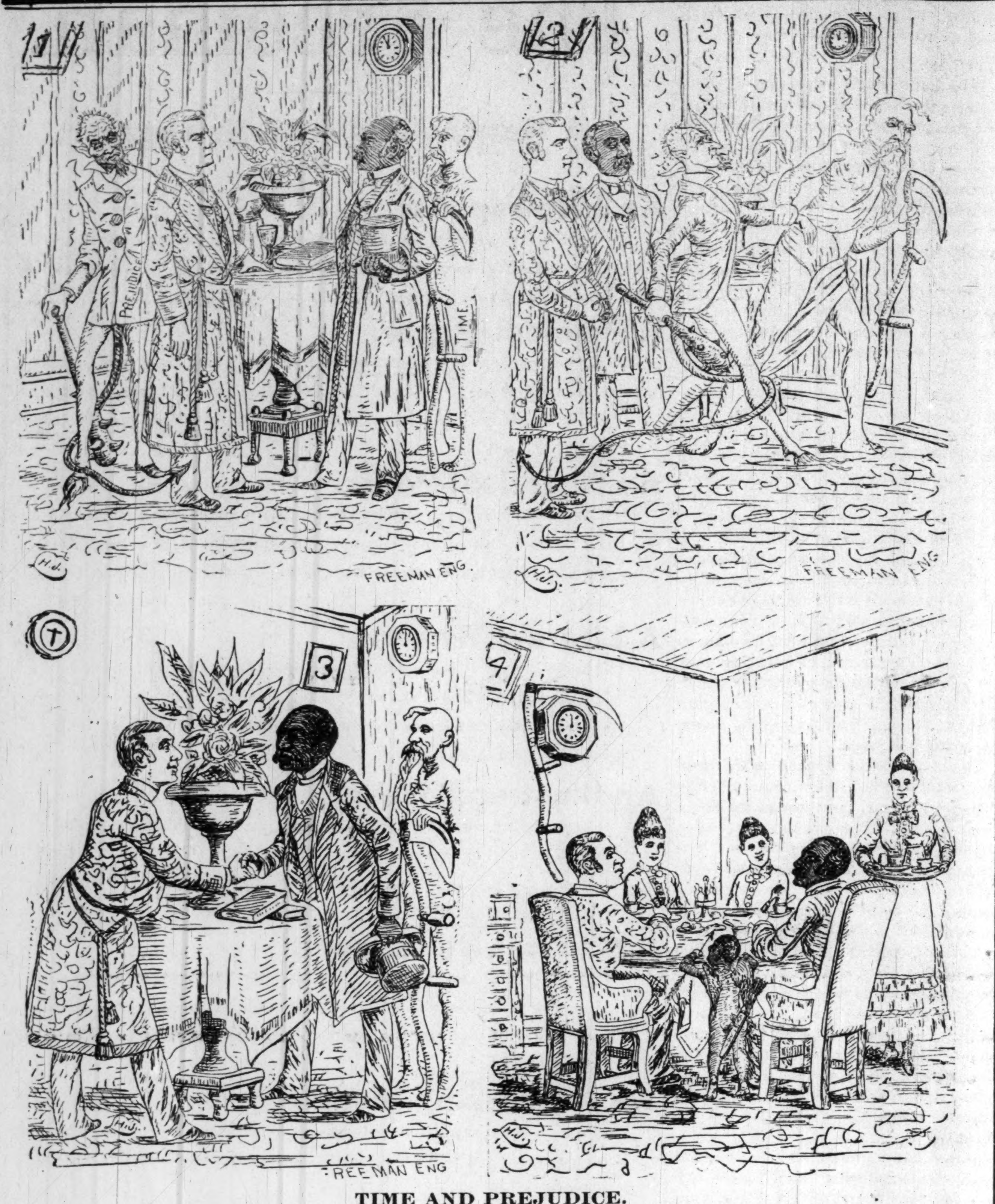


TIME AND PREJUDICE.

1. Prejudice reigns.
2. Time removes him.
3. Civil Rights in his absence.
4. Social equality—the message of justice.

## PERSONAL

Hon. James Hill, of Missippi, is in Washington, D. C.

Bishop Hood, of the Zion connection, is in Massachusetts.

George W. Williams, the historian, is now located at Worcester, Mass.

C. F. Chinn and wife, of Montreal, Canada, will attend the inauguration.

Hon. B. K. Bruce is reported to have made $14.000 from the proceeds of his lectures.

William S. Foreman is president of the Colored Republican League of Albany, N. Y.

Mr. John J. Smallwood, the erstwhile campaign orator and lecturer, is resting in Indianapolis.

Consul Astwood, of St. Domingo, refuses to resign, although requested to do so by Secretary Bayard.

Mr. Fred McGhee, the Chicago, lawyer, will leave that city in a few months for St. Paul, where he will practice his profession.

W. H. Anderson, a prominent colored man, of Richmond, has been appointed Sergeant Major of the 1st. Batallion, Virginia Volunteers.

Rev. Thomas L. Johnson has been announced as a candidate for the Liberian mission; his sponsors being a number of influential ministers of Indiana.

Prof. B. T. Washington, of Tuskegee. Ala., has been invited to deliver an address before the National Educational Association which meets in Nashville, Tenn., in July.

Miss Ella M. Jamison, one of Nashville's sweetest singers, was the victor in a recent musical contest in which some of the best local talent participated. The prize was $2.50 in gold.

For Collector of Customs of the port of Memphis, Tenn., T. F. Cassels, excollector, Ed. Shaw, and Benjamin H. Wright, carrier in the postoffice department, are applicants. All have good endorsments.

Mr. J. W. Cromwell, of Washington, has been appointed Commissioner for the District of Columbia to solict exhibits for the Quaker City Exposition to be held at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, from May 13 to May 18.

Rev. T. J. Manson, an A. M. E. Zion minister, having charge of Jones' tabernacle, Indianapolis, is the latest applicant for the Liberian mission.

Edwin F. Horn, of Chattanooga, it appears, has transferred his affections from the Recordership crownette to Chief of Treasury of the Interior Bureau.

Mr. C. H. Lanier, of Indianapolis, has been appointed special attendant to President Harrison. Mr. L. is a well known figure in tonsorial circles in the Hoosier capital, and his appointment proves a popular one.

Mr. William Clifford Combs, a graduate of Lincoln school, three years ago, has just graduated from the Central Tenne see College, Nashville, from the medical department. Dr. Combs comes out bearing the first honors.

Hon. John Sidney Hinton, of Indiana, is being urged by his friends to make application for the consulorship at Jamaca. Mr. Hinton is one of the best posted colored men in the State and has a large following in all quarters.

Rev. James Pondexter, of Columbus, Ohio, was defeated for honorary membership in the Pythean Club, of that city, recently, it being charged that he discriminated against colored men in his barber shop. Society is up in arms about it.

Mrs. Fannie Barrier-Williams, of Chigo, has just completed an elegant crayon portrait of the late Andrew Paxton, agent of the Citizens' League. The Work has been presented to the president of the League, Captain I. P. Rumsey.

Dr. C. E. Bently was one of the after-dinner speakers at the banquet of the dentists held in Chicago, recently. The president of the association spoke in special commendation of Dr. Bentley's services in the organization of an association that embraces the most eminent of the profession in Chicago.

## THE NAT TURNER CLUB, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Nat Turner Club, of Louisville, Ky., appropriately celebrated his birthday by a banquet at the residence of D. H. Fitzbutler. There was a sumptuous repast spread for twenty-six guests. The following toasts were responded to:

"Nat Turner," by Isaac Curtis.
"Abraham Lincoln," Dr. R. Conrad.
"John Brown," W. O. Vance.
"Don't Bite Off More Than You Can Chew," M. Watson.
"Education," W. T. Peyton.
"Africa," J. Merriweather.
"Survival of The Fittest," J. H. Lawson.
"Our Hero," Rev. M. F. Robinson.
"The Ludicrous Side of the Colored Ministry," Rev. L. M. Haygood.

Rev. Jameison, Dr. Fitzbutler and others also spoke. This was the most representative gathering of colored men ever assembled for a like purpose. It shows that at least in one city of the Union the Negro is not unmindful of his own heroes, and is not without a proper appreciation of the same. Other cities might well emulate the example set by Louisville.

THE PELICAN.

The Pelican Club, consisting of the married men of Louisville, gave their first reception last Thursday night under the most flattering auspices. Prof. W. T. Peyton is President of the Club, which accounts for its brilliant success. There were present the elite of the city, who were royally entertained. Hœfer, The Caterer, served the edibles, which consisted of every conceivable article in that line. There were just one hundred guests and exactly one hundred seats. Since all were seated at the table, it is at once apparent why they lingered so long, but notwithstanding the long stay there the supply never gave out.

## CHURCH GOSSIP.

**Pertinent Points Concerning Churches and Church Gossip.**

Bishop Tanner has returned home.

The Rev. T. W. Henderson is having a great revival in Quinn Chapel, Chicago.

Rev. Jesse Woods, of Chicago, is filling several lecture engagements in Iowa.

On every hand, it is said, Bishop Arnett is bringing Allen University out of the mire fast.

Rev. James V. Pierce, of the New Jersey Conference; died at Easton, Pa., Monday, February 11.

Rev. J. M. Henderson, of Chicago, delivered an address before the students of Hamline University, St. Paul, last Monday evening.

T. Thomas Fortune's recent article on "Progressive Religion," published in the New York Age, is attracting favorable notice from the religious press.

Rev. J. F. Hurley, of New York, following Bishop Turner's argument, has written an article on the probable decline of the A. M. E. Church.

Rev. B. F. Watson has issued a call for a meeting of the committee which was appointed by the General Conference to prepare a hymnal for the A. M. E. Church.

St. Phillips P. E. Church was formally opened and dedicated in New York City a few days ago. It is in many respects the finest colored Church in America.

Grace Presbyterian Church, of Chicago, will make the first effort to start a building fund on Sunday, March 3d. Their plans have been carefully laid, the congregation is thoroughly in earnest, and it is fully expected that not less than one hnndred dollars will be raised on that date. A new pastor has been called.

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New York Weekly.

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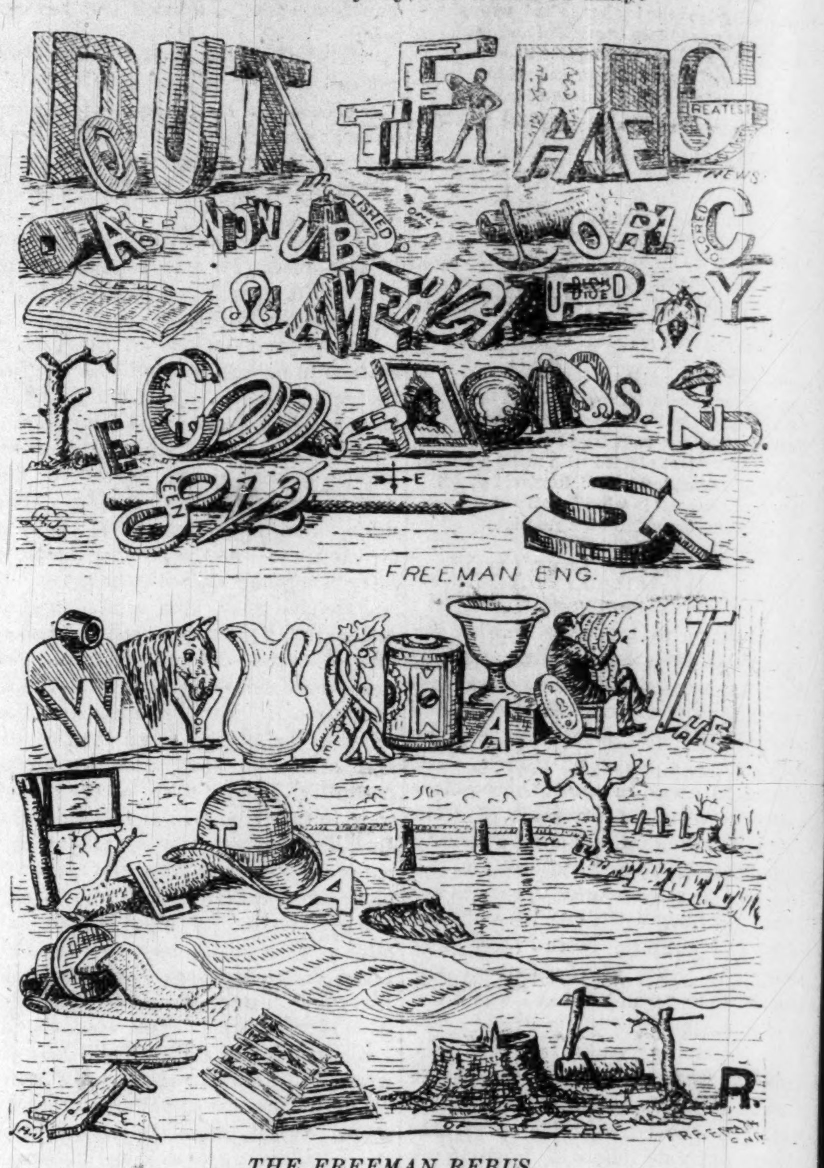


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